

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Black Tower' by Laurence S. Lowry. From the exhibition 'British Painting, 1925-1950' now on view at the New Burlington Galleries, London (see page 806)

In this number:

E. H. Carr, J. B. Priestley, Bertrand Russell, O.M.

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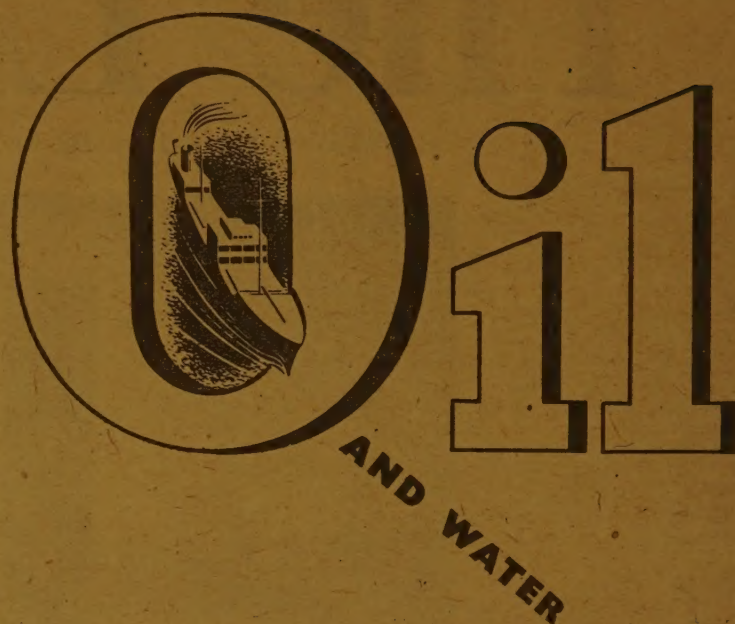
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The Listener

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Australia and the Commonwealth

By the Rt. Hon. ROBERT G. MENZIES, Prime Minister of Australia

I WILL not here attempt to describe with either fullness or accuracy our emotions on this occasion*. I shall therefore say no more than three things. First, we are Australians, not remote and scattered colonists, but a closely-knit nation building our traditions for the future upon the noble traditions of the past; adding to them, as we trust, the products of our own character, conflicts and achievements. These are matters for pride.

Second, we are British. We are the King's men. We spring from an ancient race; but we are members of the modern British Commonwealth which has been called upon twice in this war-scarred century to keep unbroken the gates of the strongholds of human freedom. Our mother country has not failed. Our sister nations have not failed. We have not failed. These also are matters for pride.

Third, we have played our own part, not only in the defence of liberty, but also in the carrying of its torch into new lands. Those who are either unable or unwilling to understand the true nature and quality of the British Commonwealth have not yet realised that the great new nations of the Commonwealth have not grown to their nationhood against the British rule. On the contrary they have by British precepts, example and encouragement come to know and to practise the arts of self-government, the magnificent self-discipline of the rule of law, the brotherly humanities of social and industrial justice. Democracy is neither accidental nor inevitable. It is the product of generations of self-sacrifice, of conscious struggle, of belief in the vital significance of individual men and women, of a sense of a divine order in a distracted human world. These also are matters for pride.

You may wonder why I have spoken in this way of pride, a

quality so much misunderstood, so frequently confused with arrogance. The answer is simple. It is my clear conviction that we of the British family are not yet discharged from duty. The war for freedom still goes on. And, in the old words, there is no discharge in that war. The world, if it is to be free, still needs more than ever a bold, proud, wise, confident and active British Commonwealth. We in Australia retract the poor notion that this great association is just something for the historians to write about. There is much history yet to be made before it is written. What is our contribution to be? What does the world need? Let us answer without fear. The world needs something better than resignation or cynicism or the fading of great dreams, or the easy abandonment of great responsibility. It needs courage and resolution, and endurance, and faith. It needs in particular that decent pride which gives to a nation or to a race a sense of destiny and continuity; the feeling deep in the heart that it stands for great things, and that those things must not be surrendered or abandoned.

I should like to say, for Australia, to the King's subjects the world over, that fifty years young as we are, we are still the offspring of an ancient kingdom, the votaries of an ancient faith, the servants of an enduring cause. It will be an ill day for us; and for the world, when our emotions grow feeble, when we fear to be great, when honest pride is put away. It is my honour to speak for a peaceful and friendly nation, not given to bitter enmities, nor to sustained hatreds; a nation living in a land of sunshine and cheerfulness and good will. We send out our greetings to all men. But on this day especially do we send our message of love and understanding to the mother country and to her children wherever they may be.—*Home Service*

* Broadcast on May 9, the Jubilee of the Australian Federal Parliament.

How the Australian Federation was Born

By SIR ROBERT GARRAN*

FEDERAL UNION had long been thought of by a few as a far-off divine event; but it was Sir Henry Parkes, rightly called the Father of Federation, who really set the movement going. Parkes was a Warwickshire lad, of lowly birth, whose first political activities were with the Chartists in England. Coming to Australia in early manhood, he was always a democrat, and rose to be the greatest and most picturesque figure in Australian politics. He was a man of imaginative vision, and a dreamer of great dreams; and the greatest was his dream of Australian union.

Independent Colonies

But the colonies had grown up separate, in sturdy independence. They had gradually escaped from the well-meant but unwelcome control of Downing Street, and for a long while nothing was further from their thoughts than to give up their bachelor freedom. Each went its own way, intent on its own affairs, setting up customs tariffs against its neighbours, and treating them almost as foreign countries. But in the 'eighties, came a dramatic change. Australians awoke to realities. There were war scares, foreign warships in the Pacific, rumours of intended annexations in the Pacific by Germany and France. Sir Thomas McIlwraith, Queensland's Premier and a doughty Ayrshireman, planted the British flag in East New Guinea; but Downing Street, scandalised, rapped the infant colony on the knuckles for interfering in grown-up politics, calmed its childish fears of the German bogey, and disowned the annexation.

The six colonies vainly protested in chorus; but they felt that there would have been a better hearing for a big bass solo from a United Australia. Germany, of course, took the hint and walked into North Borneo. A scathing report from a British General on the defences of the colonies gave Sir Henry Parkes, then Premier of New South Wales, the opportunity for which he had been waiting. He had lately returned from a triumphal tour of Canada and the United States, and seen their growth as united peoples. In a famous speech at Tenterfield, he proposed a National Convention to frame a Federal Constitution, and his brother Premiers agreed. In 1891 the Convention assembled in the Legislative Council Chamber in Sydney.

I was an interested listener in the gallery—being then a very junior barrister with some leisure—and have vivid memories of this notable gathering. In the chair was the venerable Sir Henry Parkes, with flowing white hair and beard. His dream of a United Australia was coming true in his old age. On the benches to right and left sat, not Government and Opposition, but the leading statesmen from all Australia, many of them strangers to each other: all the Premiers, all the Opposition leaders, and many less famous. A striking figure was Edmund Barton, with his noble head and dignified presence. Clubman and *bon viveur*, he had already won a place in law and politics, but had not found in these an absorbing interest, and was reputed a lazy man. Who could have guessed that in this Convention he would find the passion of his life, and that thenceforth he would be to the complete exclusion of every other interest, the devoted knight-errant of Australian union?

Astonishing Learning

There too was Sir Samuel Griffith, Queensland's Premier. Son of a Welsh minister, keenly intellectual, a scholar and a lawyer, he had made a close study of federalism, and had the chief hand in drafting the Constitution. When later, as Chief Justice of Queensland, he took his seat on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the law lords were astonished at his learning. Sir John Simon once said to me: 'Garran, I am not surprised at the excellence of Australia's primary produce—we expect her wool and meat and butter to be good. But I do confess surprise at the excellence of her finished articles: Nellie Melba, Sam Griffith, Victor Trumper'. Of the three men I have mentioned, Parkes did not live to see the Promised Land; Barton was to lead his people there, and was to become Australia's first Prime Minister, Griffith was to be first Chief Justice.

The debates disclosed unanimity on many points, sharp clashes on a few. New South Wales and Victoria were champions of free trade and protection respectively, Victoria demanding some 'guarantee' against sudden disturbance of the vested interests of her manufacturers. It was a foregone conclusion that the Convention must 'trust the Federal Parliament'. And there was the fight between States of large and small population as to the powers of the Senate: how far, and how long, the representatives of a majority of States should be able to resist the will of a majority of the whole people. In the debate on the latter question I remember a dramatic episode. Parkes, an astute leader, was wont to make friendly approaches to likely young political recruits. But the old man was now gouty and irritable, and some remarks by J. H. Gordon, youngest of the delegates, provoked him to call Gordon a provincialist. Gordon, like David facing Goliath, leapt to his feet, and exclaimed passionately: 'I plead guilty to the charge of being a provincialist. The sweep of my mind does not enable me, like the honourable delegate, to take under my wings her Majesty the Queen, the House of Lords, and the British Constitution. I come from the small colony of South Australia, and I love better the things I have seen than the things I have not seen'. When he sat down, the old man hobbled across, sat beside him, and whispered compliments in his ear. It was no longer David and Goliath, but Saul and David!

In three weeks the Convention finished its work, and saw that it was good. No one was wholly satisfied, because it was a compromise; but most of them thought it a fair compromise, that they could accept. But before enactment at Westminster, it must be submitted to the parliaments and peoples of the colonies for acceptance. The next move was for the parliaments. And the parliaments let Australia down—especially the New South Wales Parliament, from which the lead was expected. They were all too busy with local politics, and resented this intrusive subject. Parkes was near his end, his Government was defeated, and 'arch-anti-federalist' Lyne succeeded him. So the tide was missed. The nursing Constitution was abandoned and left to its fate.

Crusade throughout the Country

Anti-federalists jeered that 'Federation was as dead as Julius Caesar'. But they forgot great Caesar's ghost! Abandoned by the politicians, Federation was rescued by the people. Barton took the torch from Parkes' failing hand, and carried the crusade throughout the country. The time was ripe for propaganda. The Convention, though it had not distracted parliaments from party politics, had fired the imagination of the people. On both sides of the Victorian border, especially, there was growing irritation at trade barriers between the colonies. Among the younger generation, the national spirit was growing. Federation Leagues broke out everywhere. The climax was a Federation Conference, at Corowa, of ardent young spirits representing various leagues and societies. I was there representing the Sydney Federation League. After a few formal speeches, the cry broke out: 'Words, words, words! Can't we do something?' And we did something. A few of us were called together by Dr. John Quick, of Bendigo, a fighting Cornishman, who had adopted Australia at the age of two, and would never let Trelawney die. And we came back with the 'Corowa plan' which like most great inventions was simplicity itself. The Constitution of 1891 had failed because it had been brought into the world with no provision for its future. Now there should be a new Convention, and a new Constitution, with every step till enactment marked out beforehand by Enabling Acts of all the colonies.

Then comes into the picture Sir George Reid, to whom we needed to sell the plan. He was now Premier of New South Wales and free trade was to him more than a policy; it was a religion. And a paying religion. A matchless hustings orator, and a master of humorous repartee, he was at the peak of his power—and he was no keen federalist. Though he was on top in New South Wales, Barton was on

(Continued on page 793)

Oil—A World Problem

By ANTHONY ASHTON

THE storm which has blown up over Persia's oil industry is not just a quarrel between a foreign government and a British oil company. There is much more at stake than the profits of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company or the title-deeds to the world's largest refinery—though these are important enough in themselves. What is happening in Persia turns a searchlight on the whole problem of oil in the Middle East.

And what a problem it is! Here is the great meeting-place of the world: an area where Europe meets Russia, India and Africa; where eastern ways of life meet western ways. Here the new world of mechanised industry meets the old world of peasant and nomad. Here, too, Christian meets Moslem, Jew and Buddhist. And in the middle of this area where all the stresses and strains of the world are at work, lie nearly half the world's known reserves of oil.

Oil, even more than coal, is becoming the main source of political and economic power. It is the sole fuel for battleships, aircraft and mechanised armies. It drives most of the world's liners and merchant ships; it plays a big and increasing part in the internal transport systems of all countries; and as more and more tractors are used on the land, even food supplies are coming to depend on it. Increasingly manufacturing industry uses it as a fuel, and the chemical industry as a raw material. No wonder that the world's consumption of oil is going up by about ten per cent. a year.

Until recently, most of the supply has come from the oilfields round the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. But now a big change is taking place. The centre of gravity is shifting from the Gulf and the Caribbean to the Middle-East. Output in the Middle East has increased sevenfold in the last twenty years. It has more than doubled in the last three. And most of the increase is going to Europe. In a year or two Europe will be consuming twice as much oil as before the war: and something like four-fifths of the total will come from the Middle East. There are a number of reasons for this. Some of the older oilfields in the west are running out and new fields must be found somewhere to replace them. Each year more of the Gulf and Caribbean supplies are needed to meet the ever-increasing demand in the United States of America. Most of the oil from the west costs dollars, too. Then there are also strategic reasons. In both world wars the Middle East has been a vital source of fuel for the armed forces of the Allies operating in the Mediterranean and the East. That is why the troubles in Persia are of the utmost importance to America as well as to Britain and the other Atlantic powers.

Producing oil is only one part of the process of supplying the people who need it. It must be carried to where it is wanted, and it must be refined. The Middle East sets the west a pretty problem in transport. It is a vast area, and most of the oil wells lie to the east. To get the oil to Europe by sea, to begin with it must be shipped by tanker right round from the Persian Gulf to the eastern Mediterranean. Even then it has only got half way to western Europe. All this can be saved by taking the oil pipeline overland to the coast of Syria or Palestine, and from there it is a comparatively short haul to Europe by tanker. Several great pipelines have been built across some of the wildest

country in the world to achieve this. Before crude oil can be used it must also be refined into the different products that are required—such as petrol, fuel oil and lubricants. Today there are not enough refineries in the world, and many new ones are being built—particularly in Europe. In Britain alone capacity is being quadrupled in the short space of eight years. This will not only cut down our import bill—for crude oil is cheaper than refined products—but it will also help to save us from being so vulnerable to just the sort of crisis that is happening in Persia today.

This crisis seems to be the result of the completely unbalanced state of the country. On the one hand, it is a vast, barren and thinly-populated part of the world. Yet in it has quickly been developed the most powerful of modern industries. This rapid convulsion has produced a sharp conflict between the very old and the very new. Then there are also other strains at work: there is conflict between the settled peasants and the nomadic tribesmen who represent quite different ways of life; there is a lack of balance between the city of Teheran and the rest of the



General view of Abadan refinery with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's housing estate in the foreground and tanker jetties in the river

sparsely populated country; there is conflict between those living a traditional way of life and those who have been westernised. There is also conflict between the few very rich and the many very poor. There is a communist party and a fanatical Moslem movement for good measure. All this has caused a great deal of discontent. Being discontented, the people have searched for a scapegoat, and found it in the British company which has developed the country's oil.

The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company can really be said to date from the day in 1901 when Mr. W. K. D'Arcy obtained a concession from the Persian Government. After some years he struck oil, and several wells were drilled. A pipeline was built to the Persian Gulf, and a refinery built on an island swamp at Abadan. In 1914 the British Admiralty, under Mr. Churchill, placed a long-term contract with the company for fuel-oil for the British Navy. At the same time the British Government bought a large block of shares in the company, giving it a controlling interest. Since then the company has grown rapidly—not only in Persia—and its profits make a big contribution to the British balance of payments.

In 1933 the D'Arcy concession was replaced by a sixty-year agreement, which is the one the Persians are now openly proposing to break. Under the terms of this agreement the company operates as a tenant of the Persian Government, paying a rent based mainly on the amount of oil exported from the country. At the end of the sixty years—in 1993—the companies' properties will pass outright to the Persian Government. In other words, what the Persians are demanding now will happen automatically then. It is just because they had such a binding long-term contract that the company have felt it safe to go ahead and sink so much capital in the country. Persia is now the most important oil-producing country in the Middle East, and comes fourth in the list of the world's producers. More than two-thirds of the present production is refined at Abadan—the world's biggest refinery. The company has provided many new jobs for the local people—ninety-five per cent. of the employees are Persian—and brought much new business to the country.

Nor has it been simply a matter of producing oil and carrying it away. The company had to start from scratch in an almost empty part of the country. Houses had to be built and workpeople trained. Both at Abadan and in the six main oilfields about a hundred miles away are now to be found all the paraphernalia of a modern industrial community. Round the refinery the company has built in a short time what is virtually a modern city, complete with houses, schools, hospitals and shops. In this the company has set a high standard which has become a by-word throughout the Middle East. Add to all this that the company provides about a third of the Persian Government's revenue, and clearly it is far and away the biggest influence in the country's economic life. It is an influence which is resented in proportion as it grows. Some of the Persians—particularly a small group with very strong nationalistic feelings—think they could have done it all for themselves, and that their Government should own the industry and have all the profits. They feel that there is a lot wrong with their country, and they imagine that if they nationalise the oil industry all this will be put right. They do not believe it when they are told that instead of being better, everything would be much worse. It seems inconceivable that they could run the industry themselves—unless they had the full help of the company.

This problem is not confined to Persia. In one way or another it exists in all the Middle East oil-producing countries. In fact, to solve it is becoming an inseparable part of the job of producing oil. It is not the first time this has happened in this world industry. It happened in Mexico in 1938. There are big differences between Mexico and Persia. For one thing Mexico is more highly developed. And for another, the oil companies did not have such binding contracts as Anglo-Iranian. But there are some interesting similarities. British and American companies sank a lot of capital, made a lot of money, and took a lot of risks. After an uneasy period of acute labour troubles and wrangles with the Government, the companies' properties were expropriated in 1938. The Mexicans now own and run their own oil industry.

I think there are two lessons to be learned from the Mexican story.

The first is that after expropriation output fell, and though it has recovered again, Mexico now comes seventh in the list of oil-producing countries, instead of second, as she did in 1925. The other lesson is that throughout the Mexican troubles, it was not so much what the oil companies did that mattered, but how they did it. Like some of the Persians, the Mexicans resented this big foreign influence in their country. And they thought the foreigners despised them. It was this emotional undercurrent that made everything the oil companies did wrong. Whether they were right or wrong, this is what they felt.

But to get back to the Middle East. What about the Russians? Their frontier is not far from the Persian oilfields, as distances go in the Middle East. What are the Russians going to do? One can only guess. Presumably they have been supporting the communist party in Persia. But for the most part they seem content for the present to watch and wait. And it must be confessed that for the present, from their point of view, that is all they have to do. For them to send armies into Persia would certainly mean war with the west. More likely is a policy of gradual pressure and infiltration, to attempt to create a satellite state in Persia from within, without any shots being fired. This would leave the option of military attack—and its stigma—to the western nations. Persia under Russian influence would represent a great wedge reaching down into the centre of the Middle East. It could then be used to stimulate the same sort of process in Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Egypt. That would then give Russia effective control of the Suez Canal, and deprive Europe of its oil. This is what could happen.

According to Herodotus, writing twenty-four centuries ago, a Greek called Aristagoras went to the Spartans and urged them to attack Persia. 'No other nation in the world has what they possess', he said, 'gold, silver, bronze, embroidered garments, beasts and slaves. All this you might have if you so desired'. Today the Persians have something more valuable still—oil. As a result of the Persian crisis we see our main source of supply in danger. This is why the crisis in Persia is really of first importance to all of us in the west.—*Home Service*

Political Parties in Modern Austria

By VINCENZ OSTRY

THIRTY years ago, when I had to travel early each morning with the tramcar from one of the garden suburbs of Vienna into the inner city, I frequently noticed among the passengers of the overcrowded vehicle a friendly, elderly gentleman with a white beard. That old man in the tram was the first Austrian Federal President, Dr. Michael Hainisch, a well-known expert on agrarian subjects and a member of the Fabian Society.

Since then many things have changed. The memory of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy—of which Vienna was the capital—whose citizens belonged to seventeen different nations, who spoke nearly twenty different languages, has faded. How strong and firm fidelity to the Austrian Republic is among my co-citizens, showed itself most clearly six years ago, when the Austrian Republic, which had been annexed and wiped out by Hitler's storm-troopers in 1938, was born anew after the collapse of the Third Reich in April 1945. From the loudspeaker vans of the Red Army, who had occupied Vienna after a short struggle, the declaration of the Three Powers of October 30, 1943, sounded continuously: '... declare our desire to see a free and independent Austria re-established ...'. Signed Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin. Most of us were already familiar with that declaration, from secretly monitored radio-broadcasts from the free countries, but we did not know then how far this road to real liberty would stretch. But Austria, while not yet free and independent, was re-established. The Parliament, the *Nationalrat*, was elected according to the Republican Constitution of the year 1922, and the Federal President, as the Head of State, was also reinstated.

In the Austrian Constitution, there is the provision that the people themselves should elect the Federal President. However until now, by a special law, the Head of State has always been elected by the National Diet instead of by the people: that is by both Houses of Parliament, the *Nationalrat* and the *Bundesrat*. This also happened in December 1945. After the election of the new *Nationalrat*, the first parliament of the Second Austrian Republic, the Federal Diet elected Karl Renner,

the leader of the Socialist Party, as Federal President. The term of office of this eighty-year old man would have terminated in December of this year; however, on the night of December 30-31, Karl Renner passed away in his official residence in Grinzing.

So the calling of an election became necessary sooner than was expected. This election was held on May 6.* It had historic significance for Austria. It was the first time that the Head of State was elected directly by the people. This means more to us in Austria than to anyone in another country, because the position of Federal President is the only one for which a man is elected personally in our country. In the elections for Parliament, the *Nationalrat*, as well as the provincial diets and borough councils, the elector does not cast his vote for a certain candidate, but for a list of candidates, which is drawn up by each political party. Naturally, the political parties still play the decisive role. In the Austrian Parliament four political parties are represented. First, there is the Austrian Peoples' Party, heir to the Christian Social Party of imperial days. It is a conservative party, which is against the nationalisation of industry and which has as its main support the well-disciplined Farmers' League and the for a long time equally well-organised middle-class societies of business people and industrialists.

One of the organisations associated with the Austrian Peoples' Party is the Union of Workers and Employers, which keeps its ties with Christian trade unions in western countries. The second strongest party in the *Nationalrat* is the Socialist Party. It can look back on a long tradition and feel itself closely allied to the British Labour Party. The Austrian Trade Union Federation is no longer socialist; since 1945 it has been a non-party organisation; nevertheless, the socialists have an immense majority in the trade union executive as the presidents of nearly all of its sixteen unions and the president of the whole federation belong to this party. The Austrian Peoples' Party and the Socialists Party have formed a coalition government since the first parliamentary elections of the Second Republic in November 1945.

*As no candidate polled the requisite number of votes, another ballot is to be held

In the Cabinet, seven of the thirteen members belong to the Austrian Peoples' Party, the remaining six to the Socialists.

Since the second parliamentary elections, which took place in October 1949, members of the 'League of Independents' sit in the session-chamber of Parliament on the extreme right. The adherents of this party consist of middle-class elements, the greater part of them German Nationalists, and quite a few former Nazis. The extreme left in the Austrian Parliament is made up of four communists and one deputy of their allies, the left-wing socialists. As, according to standing orders, motions to Parliament require the signatures of eight deputies, and the so-called 'left-bloc' can only muster five, the communists cannot table any motions. Although the Austrian Peoples' Party and the Socialist Party have conducted government business together since 1945, they could not agree on a common candidate for the presidential election, so they divided. The Peoples' Party chose Heinrich Gleissner, the provincial governor of Upper Austria, as their candidate. He is fifty-eight, and was for a long time an inmate of various concentration camps during the Nazi regime. He is very popular in this province. The socialists nominated the seventy-eight year old Theodor Körner, Lord Mayor of Vienna, as their candidate. During the first world war, this man was in the Imperial Forces Chief of the General Staff of an army on the Italian Front. After that war he joined the Socialist Party.

The 'League of Independents', the party on the extreme right, officially declined to set up their own candidate for the presidential election. But behind the scenes, electoral committees officiated for them, and sponsored the Innsbruck university professor and surgeon Burghart Breitner, as candidate. The communists nominated Gottlieb Fiala. He is the man who was expelled from his post as Vice-president of the Trade Union Federation after the communist strike of 1950 against the union movement. His candidature, in view of the weaknesses of the Communist Party, was without prospects from the start.

The Federal President no longer travels to his office in an over-

crowded tramcar. Nor does he any longer officiate unnoticed in a side street of the government building on the historic Ballhausplatz, as did his predecessors, but in splendid apartments in the former Imperial Palace. It is all a little too splendid, a little too big for small Austria. But it is like this in our state. The Federal President is the Head of State, but his power, according to the Austrian Constitution, is not very great. He nominates the Federal Chancellor and is permitted to dissolve Parliament, but not more than once for the same reason. He does not preside over the Cabinet. As a rule, political tasks are only laid in his hands in the event of a parliamentary crisis. Then, under the Constitution, the Federal President is called upon to bring about a solution of this crisis, either by nominating a new government or in extreme cases by dissolving Parliament.

Is, then, the Federal President the highest authority in the Austrian State? At the present time, unfortunately not. From his windows in the Palace he sees on the other side of a spacious square the red flag with the hammer and sickle on the building of the Soviet *Kommandantura*. The final decisions are made in the businesslike Palace of the Industrial League on the Schwarzenbergplatz, the seat of the Allied Commission. Today, this Commission consists of only one General—the Russian—and of three civilians—the ambassadors of the United Kingdom, of the United States, and of France. One thing is certain, the representatives of the Four Powers meet peacefully every second Friday at the conference table, the military police jeeps are each manned with one Britisher, one American, one Frenchman and one Russian, who usually understand each other in the Austrian dialect. But the consultations of the Allied Council end practically always with *nyet* and no agreement can therefore be reached.

For the Austrians, the second world war will be ended only when finally the Austrian Parliament and the Austrian Government which is responsible to it and the newly elected Austrian Federal President can alone decide what has to happen in Austria.—*Home Service*

Romantic Landscape

I.

It is, I suppose, a picture of nowhere; or rather
Of somewhere the artist had always intended to go,
And never could find; but, fishing for colours he saw
Pooled in the iris of the mind's eye, discovered
Moss, fern, mallow, the Greek sun leaving the dale,
Reflected temples, and a blue mountain
Riding the far-off mist, its western rockface
Caught in the afterglow.

And I think that he, unquiet in the long night watches,
Hearing the crack of the rain's whip on the glass,
Is the boy under the buckthorn, watching the cattle:
Fly-hazed heifer and calf, the white and the chestnut
Hock-deep in the green water under the viaduct
Where lotus-lilies float that fail with the sun,
And Artemis watches the watcher, her marble shadow
Unmoving over the grass.

For him in Arcadia the sun stands still
As it stood in Avalon. The waterfall
Is still as the silver birch is still as the white
Corinthian columns. Neither moon nor minnow,
Rising, shall augur dusk: but under the sunlight
The boy is always a boy; the water on the weir,
The fern on the rock, the cloud in the washed sky
Stand, and are still

II.

And this I believe: that the painter cared for his landscape,
Because it was doubly dead. These moonshine temples
Lived only in the mind's eye; yet, to be loved, themselves
Had to be pictured lifeless and therefore at peace.
So the groves are empty. So the seven reeds are silent
For lack of a piping wind. Daphnis is dead,
Pan is dead, and a boy dreams in the cotton-grass
Where no hoof tramples.

This is the empty hour between one god's death
And the birth of Another; when men have looked their last
On the old disquiet and not yet turned to the new.
Now Artemis, hunting Orion for haunting the Daybreak,

Dreams herself stricken at the rising of a new Star
In the livid East. Now is the lull before
Christ stormed Maenalus—as who, in these braying days,
Shall storm the hill of Christ?

So the cattle wait to be led from the stream to the manger,
And the world waits to be led from a death to a birth,
And all I know is that under my high window,
Seven years after the truce, the neglected bombsite
Over the road is beginning to look like the picture:
Still as a valley between the shelving houses,
Quarried, pillared and ferned, already becoming
The quietest place on earth.

III.

O in what far summer, when the City is rubble,
When the willowbay hangs fire on the Temple wall
And a wingless Eros halts the silently darting
Traffic of lizards in a green Circus,
Shall the scene be finally set—to recur, long after,
In the backward vision of eyes at odds with the darkness,
Sifting Elysian dreams from the legendary past
Which is our present Hell?

Already, this evening, under my April window
Another cycle of the millennial myth
Coils its green spring. Surely among these children
Loitering at twilight by the static water,
Stands one in the wilderness—foreshadowing
The boy unborn who, at a far-off hour,
Shall watch the altar where his brother, once,
Kicked at an upturned bath.

This, only, is certain: that a vanished landscape
Is linked with the prospect in the street below;
That when I began to write, the link was forged
In the flash of the setting sun which, once again
Flooding my window, colours the final page.
And I turn my face to the wall where, bright on the canvas,
The last light of England moves over Arcady
Two thousand years ago.

PAUL DEHN

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Russian broadcasts on Victory Day

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

The Precipice

ARE the nations in the present prevailing mood of impotent perplexity marching towards a precipice when they imagine they are marching away from it? That is one of the questions Bertrand Russell asks in the first of his new series of broadcast talks called 'Living in an Atomic Age' which we publish today. Whatever solution he has to offer for our difficulties, the clarity and incisiveness with which Lord Russell poses his questions cannot be too highly praised. It is often said that as people grow older their memory treasures with the utmost clearness the events of their youth, even though they cannot remember what happened yesterday. But it is a far more remarkable phenomenon when philosophers or men of affairs who would admit themselves to be veterans can teach and guide us with as much straightforwardness and conviction as Lord Russell does. Among statesmen Mr. Gladstone and Otto von Bismarck had that gift. And recently it has been commonly remarked how in broadcast discussions between Lord Russell and Lord Samuel the fruit of knowledge and experience has been a wisdom that can scarcely be rivalled by wireless speakers of a younger generation. Bertrand Russell has always been a rebel never afraid to sponsor unpopular causes, pronounce bold truths or provoke his hearers and readers to argue and disagree. And now he has the advantage of being a veteran. He does not need—even if he wished—to apply to his observations all those qualifications and hesitations beloved in the universities. And he does not, like so many who instruct us about foreign affairs, fail to see the wood for the trees or wallow in the mists of self-delusion.

Perhaps, however, as is the habit with highly intelligent persons, Lord Russell is inclined to imagine that most people see things as quickly and plainly as he does himself. Unhappily, as modern psychologists often tell us and modern historians can show us, the majority of people are indeed creatures of self-delusion. Even great men, particularly the orators, the preachers and the actors, are too often inebriated by their own verbosity. Men of action—soldiers, like Oliver Cromwell and Napoleon Bonaparte—are equally often the victims of their own wishful thinking. One meets today men and women in responsible places who assert that no war is coming or, with the same seriousness, that war will come this year. One knows that they do not know, but one is prepared, according to whether one is of a melancholy or optimistic disposition, to be persuaded. On the other hand, it may well be that these perplexities are only the property of a limited class. For it is an undoubted fact that in all modern history few or no elections in Britain have turned purely on foreign affairs. The mass of mankind is wrapped up in his day-to-day business, how he gets his income and how he spends it; for the young the concern is the promise of romance in tomorrow's party, for the old the twinge of rheumatism or gout always lying in wait.

Still it is true enough that in the world of uncertainty in which we live moral foundations are liable to be undermined. In war many incline to one set of values, in peace to another. But in the twilight between war and peace, the age of the cold war or despair or whatever one cares to call it, only those with the strongest faiths allow themselves to remain unperturbed by the climate of their times. Of course we should all like to say that we shall pursue our normal lives with equanimity until a crisis comes; and each of us would like to say too if a crisis does come, 'I have made my will and will do my duty'. Or is that fatalism? Or is it supererogation? At least it is the conundrum of our times.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF VICTORY DAY crowded out most other topics in Soviet and satellite broadcasts last week. Innumerable Moscow broadcasts emphasised the peaceful aims of Soviet post-war policy and its 'championship of the right of small nations to be free from external interference'. In a broadcast to Poland (whose armed forces are under the command of a Soviet Marshal), one Moscow commentator was at pains to explain how in 1939 the British and American reactionaries had figured as 'Hitler's partners' in the invasion of Poland, having adopted the same tactics as they had previously used towards Czechoslovakia. After this historical digression, the commentator went on to say that, four years later, Britain entered into secret negotiations with the Hitlerites, again with the object of betraying Poland.

Then, reverting to 1939, the broadcast quoted Mr. Bevin as having 'openly declared right up to September 1939 that all the demands of the Fascist aggressors should be satisfied—i.e. that Poland and anything else they might ask for should be given to them'. Today, both Britain and America were kindling a spirit of revenge against Poland in western Germany; but they would not succeed in their designs, for Poland's friendship with the Soviet Union and the German Democratic Republic formed an enduring guarantee of her 'freedom and independence'. A Moscow broadcast in English emphasised that Britain, like all other countries involved, owed her salvation primarily to the Soviet Army, as Churchill and other British leaders had 'had to admit'. Innumerable Moscow broadcasts stressed the familiar thesis that the Soviet Union had not only beaten Germany virtually single-handed, but had likewise 'crushed Japanese militarism'. It was not surprising, therefore, that Moscow commentators paid tribute to the 'staggering wisdom and profundity' of Stalin's military art. An article in *Pravda*, entitled 'The Heroic Deeds of the Soviet People' was widely broadcast:

The victory of the Soviet Union has opened the road towards freedom, towards the construction of a new life for the peoples in a number of countries liberated by the Soviet Army from the fascist yoke. Thanks to this victory, People's Democracies have been established in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania.

Broadcasts from the satellite countries themselves supported this incessant assertion that the Soviet Union was their great liberator and guarantor of their freedom and independence. In Rumania—where a new giant statue of Stalin has just been unveiled—a Bucharest broadcast spoke of Stalin's 'paternal' regard for the welfare of the country. In Czechoslovakia, Zapotocky, in a broadcast from Prague, paid tribute to 'our liberator, friend and teacher, the great Stalin' and to the courage of the Soviet Army, without which 'we would not enjoy our freedom and independence'. Replying to this speech at the Liberation anniversary festivities in Prague, the Soviet Marshal Koniev expressed satisfaction that Czechoslovakia's independence was guarded by a new Czechoslovak army 'which continually increases its military preparedness, political consciousness, and technical equipment'. Addressing military units taking part in the parade, Gottwald explained that the task of building up a strong army was not incompatible with the struggle for peace, as 'the stronger and more efficient our forces are, the mightier and firmer the world front of peace will become'. A commentator speaking in another Czech broadcast expressed gratitude that Czechoslovakia had been saved by Soviet arms from the fate which had befallen the countries of western Europe, where Anglo-American 'terror' had replaced that of Hitler.

A Polish broadcast, asserting that every true Pole would take his place in the camp of peace to ensure the complete defeat of the United States war-mongers, spoke of the nations 'putting the Washington madmen in a strait jacket'. As no madman would don a strait jacket without force, it was necessary for those wanting peace 'to impose peace on those who do not'. Broadcasts from the Soviet zone of Germany expressed gratitude to the Soviet Union for the 'era of humanism, democracy and peace' which Russia had opened for Germany six years ago. Dr. Bolz, Minister for Reconstruction in East Germany, in a broadcast from the Liberation Day State function at the Berlin State Opera, said that 'Wherever an American occupation soldier stood, the language of war, hatred, persecution and anti-Soviet propaganda was spoken; wherever the Soviet Army stood, on the other hand, the language was that of peace, freedom and international friendship'. And he concluded: 'Stalin is peace'.

Did You Hear That?

'TAKE HER TO JAMAICA'

SAM HEPPNER recently returned from a visit to Jamaica where, at an estate factory, he saw the processes involved in the making of sugar and rum. He said in a talk in 'The Eye-witness':

'I had imagined sugar cane growing quite differently; I thought it would look like bamboo—tall, erect, leafless. But until you peer closer it does not look so very different from an English cornfield in high summer. The cane is there all right—thick, golden, segmented—but it is mostly hidden by the vast mass of emerald-green leaves sprouting from it and hanging down. As they hacked at the cane, the natives talked and laughed among themselves or sang with that curious West Indian inflection. Some sang a series of odd, toneless notes



Jamaican sugar cane going by ox-wagon to the refining factory. Right: a Jamaican climbing a thirty-foot coconut tree to pick the fruit

that for me at any rate lacked sense, form and meaning; others sang popular melodies like "Take Her to Jamaica Where the Rum Comes From", which was certainly appropriate, and calypsos. A favourite calypso, which you may have heard, was the one that goes: "... so from a logical point of view, always marry a woman uglier than you". I poised my camera for a few informal shots and saw great chocolate smiles and flashing white teeth in the view-finder. After releasing the shutter a few times I was so besieged by my subjects, noisily claiming what in justice I suppose they regarded as a sort of modelling fee, that those photographs proved the most expensive I have ever taken.

'Back in the factory I saw the canes being crushed under huge rollers, and the juice flowing into the tanks below. Nothing is wasted. The cane fibres are used as fuel to boil the juice, and the juice, when boiled, separates into crystals and molasses. The crystals go to the sugar bags, and the molasses, after being watered down, are transferred to enormous vats. Yeast is added to hasten the process of fermentation. The day I was there the yeast was so active that great blobs of brown, frothy liquid overflowed from the vats and splattered about me. Native boys moved up and down steep iron ladders with incredible agility, raced along the narrow galleries between the vats and took readings from a collection of mysterious meters and gauges. The fermented liquid goes through the still and emerges pure and colourless like water. It is now natural rum, and, with the addition of a little brown sugar, will take on the deep golden hue so familiar to us'.

RAINING ELSEWHERE

When we think of Kenya we usually think of baking heat and dazzling sunshine, but the city of Nairobi, after the floods brought on by long and heavy rains, was last month completely cut off from the coast. The roads and railways of its port of Mombasa were under water. MARIE BARTLETT described the situation in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Rivers that dried up years ago are now gushing torrents', she said. 'An air charter pilot returning to Nairobi reported an artificial lake, roughly about seventy-five miles in extent, which appeared almost overnight some distance to the west of the city. Another air pilot said he saw the bodies of men and animals floating down the floodwaters of the Sabaki River, where it enters the Indian Ocean. In the semi-arid areas of the northern frontier district, many of the seasonal rivers that are dry for several months of the year have become waterlogged. New streams form to carry off the floodwater. The little township of Magadi was isolated up till a few days ago when an important railway bridge collapsed under the sudden rush of floodwater. Lake Magadi is one of the world's largest soda lakes; from it are garnered soda ash and salt. Kenya's bacon industry, one of the colony's biggest export assets, is cut off by six miles of mud. Mud lies inches deep upon many of the roads that are still passable.

'Motorists find it difficult to keep to the road on so tricky a surface. One sees vehicles that have skidded off the road lying buried in several feet of mud. Farmers, because of the poor condition of the road, find it impossible to bring their produce to the railhead. But apart from this, it is not yet possible to estimate the effect these unusual rains will have on agriculture. Damage on a large scale has been caused by soil erosion; floodwaters have undermined roads and railways. According to an official of the East African Railways and Harbours, it will be necessary to re-survey catchment areas because erosion has altered the configuration of the land. Nairobi was hit by a cloudburst in the early hours of Thursday, April 26; 5.15 inches of rain fell in three hours, bridges in the city were damaged, gaps torn in thoroughfares.

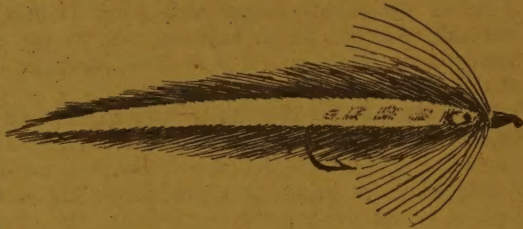
'Kenya has two rainy seasons a year, each separated by months of dry weather. Failure of the rains in the past have caused cattle to die, crops to fail and famine to spread through the country. Rain is looked upon as the life-blood of the country—even large doses are not



altogether unwelcome. The land now is as green as the English countryside. As for the African, he shrugs his shoulders and says "*Shauri Mungu*", which means, "It's God's affair".

SALMON AND CHEWING GUM

'In 1943', said ARTHUR RANSOME in a Third Programme talk, 'it so happened that I had influenza while staying in London at a hotel in Piccadilly. On my first day downstairs, light in the head and shaky on my feet, I was sitting in the lounge and trying to forget London by thinking, naturally, about salmon. Sitting there in that hotel, I was on the banks of a river far away, thinking about salmon and, as so often before, about salmon flies and the general, regrettable, unreasonable "hitty-missiness" of their design. Why on earth should the salmon, unable to eat in fresh water, be sometimes ready to take our flies? "The salmon does not eat in fresh water", I was saying, sleepily, to myself. "His digestion is out of gear. . . . The salmon does not eat. . . ." And suddenly I sat up with a start and looked about me. Now, this hotel in 1943 was much used by American officers and men. The lounge was full of them. They were passing by, sitting reading papers, waiting for expected guests, busy with this or that. The salmon does not feed in fresh water. Neither does the American military man feed in the middle of the morning. It was not a meal-time. These Americans were not eating. Only a few were talking. But the jaws of every man were going like a machine. Two and two made five at once. I jumped like Archimedes in his bath. A flash of revelation had lit up the whole problem of the salmon and the salmon fly. In the north, when a new idea hits our hard heads, we are apt to say "By Gum!" "By Gum!" I exclaimed, and indeed gum was the answer. The salmon does not feed in fresh water. No, but he does chew gum.



Blue Vulturine Elver fishing fly

'If this was indeed so, here, at last, was something that suggested a reasonable and not haphazard approach to the design of a salmon fly. Evidence confirming it poured in upon me. Consider, for example, the astonishing length of time that a salmon will keep a fly in its mouth before making up his mind that it is not very juicy and that it has no taste. People who have fished for salmon with big red worms, will tell you that if a salmon has taken their worms into his mouth and has let go of them without being hooked, they find those worms of theirs no longer red but pale, anaemic, empty, all their virtue gone. Yes. There was no doubt about it. Salmon in fresh water might not need to eat, but they were, like the Americans in that hotel, confirmed chewers. From the experts round me I learnt that gum is not chewed merely for exercise and to strengthen the muscles of the jaw. Different gums have different flavours and some are pleasanter than others. Obviously, the thing to do was to devise a fly that should neither frighten nor irritate a salmon but should suggest to him that, used as a chewing gum, it would enable him to recapture a flavour that he could remember enjoying.

'Obviously there was no need to speculate about the inhabitants of far distant ocean depths, no need to worry about putting together pretty silks and feathers on the off-chance that the result might resemble some deep-sea creature that I had had no opportunity of seeing. All that romantic lunacy could be put aside. Salmon were much more likely to remember creatures that they had recently seen and a flavour they had recently enjoyed. What then were the very last creatures the salmon was likely to have tasted before and even after coming up the estuaries and losing temporarily his powers of digestion? There was no need to hesitate over the answer. The taste of the elver was the taste of all tastes that the salmon was likely to remember affectionately.

'I do not suppose that any but fly-dressers (who are few) would be interested in the detailed dressing of what I came to call the Blue Vulturine Elver. Experiment showed that to give the feather the greatest possible play in the water, it was best to be content with a single, smallish hook. It consequently is very unlike the ordinary fly in which, so fashion says, the feathers must not project beyond the bend of the hook. My final elver fly, two-and-a-half to three inches long, black or (better) blue hackled at the head, shows that narrow white horizontal stripe, about three-sixteenths of an inch wide, running from

head to tail in a faintly blue-fringed, dark, semi-transparent feather, two-thirds of it clear of the hook and altogether free to be moved this way or that by the very lightest caprice of flowing water. In the hand, it looks a monster. In the river everything seems to disappear except that pale, narrow line, that lively sinuous little creature, holding its own against the current'.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CHEESE

When Napoleon's army was driven out of Spain 140 years ago, through the help of the Duke of Wellington, the Spanish Government was so grateful that it presented the Duke with some land near Granada. There were two estates; one of them has since been sold, but the other remains in the Duke of Wellington's family to this day; the present owner is the seventh duke, great-grandson of the famous Iron Duke. The estate is called the King's Mill and in a talk in the Light Programme KENNETH MATTHEWS, B.B.C. correspondent, gave his impressions of a visit he had paid there.

'It is on hilly ground', Mr. Matthews said, 'and the terrace outside the house commands the most majestic view I have seen in Spain. One looks through a mist of pink Julas blossom across rolling olive groves over the ancient Moorish capital of Granada, to the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, whose peaks rise higher than Mount Olympus, and almost as high as the Alps. The Iron Duke never saw the estate, nor did his son, the second Duke. It was more than fifty years before the grandson came to Spain, built a house and started irrigating and replanting the olive orchards. In 1943, the young sixth Duke had just time to visit the place on his way to the battlefield in Italy, but he was killed in action three weeks later.

'The Duke can draw no profit from his estate for his use in England because of currency restrictions. Profits are at present being put back into improvements to the land for building. Besides the olives there are vines and almonds; also 300 head of Astrakhan sheep are bred for their skins, which go to make women's fur coats. The Duke of Wellington's red wine is famous in the district. The cheeses, which I saw being churned and pressed, are all sold in the village before they can reach the market'.

A COMFORTABLE JOURNEY FOR BANANAS

A laboratory, which is concerned with the storage, transport, packaging and marketing of fruit and vegetables, moved recently into new premises close to Covent Garden. From Dr. J. C. Fidler, the officer in charge, VALENTINE SELSEY got this picture of the laboratory's work.

'The Food Investigation Organisation of the Department of Scientific Industrial Research broadly divides its work into three', Mr. Selsey said in a Home Service talk. 'There is a main laboratory in Aberdeen where they specialise on fish; another one at Cambridge which concentrates on meat and processed foods, and a third at Ditton, in Kent, for fruit and vegetables. There are out stations or laboratories as well, and Covent Garden is the one concerned with handling of foodstuffs.

'Some time back it came to Dr. Fidler's notice that too many oranges imported from abroad were rotting before they got into the shops. It was found that most of them were rotting because of "grey mould", caused by careless handling by packers with dirty hands. An effort was made to improve handling and packing, but in the end the best remedy was found to consist in the wrapping of every individual orange in a disinfectant wrapper, as this stopped the spores of the "grey mould" from developing. By this method, a wastage of up to twenty per cent. was brought down to three.

'The laboratory has five large constant-temperature rooms of refrigerators, and the temperature in these rooms can be kept at any level between thirty-five and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. The room capable of seventy-five degrees is specially adapted for ripening bananas. Apparently the old type of standard commercial banana grown mainly in Jamaica is dying out because of what is known as Panama disease. New types are being developed but these cannot be stored and ripened in the same way as the old. The old-type banana must be carried in the ship's refrigerator at fifty-three degrees and ripened at sixty, whilst the new type only develops into a tasty banana if it is carried at fifty-eight and ripened at seventy-two. Experiments carried out in the refrigerators of the laboratory have convinced the trade that this is so. By a series of experiments the laboratory has come to the conclusion that while vegetables and salads thrive under very cold conditions, the same does not always apply to fruit. In winter, dessert fruit tends to become tasteless if kept too long in the cold. Pears, for instance, should be kept in a warm room for three days before they are put up for sale'.

Present Perplexities

The first of six talks by **BERTRAND RUSSELL** on 'Living in an Atomic Age'

THE present time is one in which the prevailing mood is a feeling of impotent perplexity. We see ourselves drifting towards a war that hardly anyone desires—a war that, as we all know, must bring disaster to the great majority of mankind. But, like a rabbit fascinated by a snake, we stare at the horror without knowing what to do to avert it.

Mental Fog

We tell each other dreadful stories of atom bombs and hydrogen bombs, of cities exterminated, of Russian hordes, of famine and ferocity everywhere. But although our reason tells us we ought to shudder at such a prospect, there is another part of us that enjoys it, so that we have no firm will to avert misfortune, and there is a deep division in our souls between the sane and the insane parts. In quiet times the insane parts can slumber throughout the day and wake only at night. But in times like ours they invade our waking time as well, and all rational thinking becomes pale and divorced from the will. Our lives become balanced on a sharp edge of hypothesis: if there is to be a war one way of life is reasonable; if not, another.

To the majority of mankind such a hypothetical existence is intolerably uncomfortable, and in practice they adopt one hypothesis, or the other, but without complete conviction. Uncertainty baulks the impulse to every irksome effort, and generates a tone of frivolous misery mistakenly thought to be pleasure, which turns outward and becomes hatred of those who are felt to be its cause. Through this hatred it daily brings nearer the catastrophe which it dreads. The nations seem caught in a tragic fate, as though, like characters in a Greek drama, they were blinded by some offended god. Bewildered by mental fog, they march towards the precipice while they imagine that they are marching away from it.

It must be said that the purely intellectual problems presented by the world of our day are exceedingly difficult. There is not only the great problem: can we defend our western world without actual war? There are also problems in Asia and problems in Africa and problems in tropical America which cannot be solved within the framework of the traditional political ideas. There are those, it is true, who are quite certain that they can solve these problems by ancient methods, for example, in Korea. So limited are their intelligence and their imagination that they are never puzzled for one moment. All we have to do is to go back to the days of the Opium War. After we have killed a sufficient number of millions of Chinese, the survivors among them will perceive our moral superiority and hail us as saviours. But let us not be one-sided. Stalin, I should say, is equally simple-minded and equally out of date. He, too, believes that if his armies could occupy Britain and reduce us all to the economic level of Soviet peasants and the political level of convicts, we should hail him as a great deliverer and bless the day when we were freed from the shackles of democracy.

One of the painful things about our time is that those who feel certainty are stupid, and those with any imagination and understanding are filled with doubt and indecision. I do not think this is necessary. I think there is a view of man and his destiny and his present troubles which can give certainty and hope together with the completest understanding of the moods, the despairs, and the maddening doubts that beset modern men. It is my hope to set forth such an outlook in these broadcasts in a way that shall be convincing and overwhelmingly encouraging, that shall enable men of goodwill to work with the same vigour which of late has been the monopoly of cruel bigots; to take away from our western mentality the reproach that we have nothing to offer inspiring the same firm conviction and the same solid body of belief as is offered by the disciples of the Kremlin. But I anticipate. After this digression into hope I must return to the causes of its opposite, which have all too much sway in the reflections of thoughtful men.

I have been speaking hitherto of public perplexities, but it is not these alone which trouble the western mind. Traditional systems of

dogma and traditional codes of conduct have not the hold that they formerly had. Men and women are often in genuine doubt as to what is right and what is wrong, and even as to whether right and wrong are anything more than ancient superstitions. When they try to decide such questions for themselves they find them too difficult. They cannot discover any clear purpose that they ought to pursue or any clear principle by which they should be guided. Stable societies may have principles that, to the outsiders, seem absurd. But so long as the societies remain stable their principles are subjectively adequate. That is to say, they are accepted by almost everybody unquestioningly, and they make the rules of conduct as clear and precise as those of the minuet or a heroic couplet. Modern life, in the west, is not at all like a minuet or a heroic couplet. It is like free verse which only the poet can distinguish from prose. Two great systems of dogma lie in wait for the modern man when his spirit is weary. I mean the system of Rome and the system of Moscow. Neither of these gives scope for the free mind which is at once the glory and the torment of western man. It is the torment only because of growing-pains. The free man, full grown, shall be full of joy and vigour and mental health, but in the meantime he suffers.

Not only publicly, but privately also, the world has need of ways of thinking and feeling which are adapted to what we know, to what we believe, and to what we feel ourselves compelled to disbelieve. There are ways of feeling that are traditional and that have all the prestige of the past and weighty authority and that yet are not adapted to the world in which we live, where new techniques have made some new virtues necessary and some old virtues unnecessary. The Hebrew prophets, surrounded by hostile nations, and determined that their race should not be assimilated by Gentile conquerors, developed a fierce doctrine in which the leading conception was sin. The Gentiles sinned always and in all their ways, but the Jews, alas, were only too apt to fall into sin themselves. When they did so they were defeated in battle and had to weep by the waters of Babylon. It is this pattern which has inspired moralists ever since. The virtuous man has been conceived as one who, though continually surrounded by temptation, though passionately prompted to sin, nevertheless, by almost superhuman strength of will, succeeds in walking along the straight and narrow path, looking meanwhile disdainfully to the right and left at those inferior beings who have loitered to pluck flowers by the way.

The Conception of Sin

In this conception virtue is difficult, negative, and arid. It is constrictive and suspicious of happiness. It is persuaded that our natural impulses are bad, and that society can only be held together by means of rigid prohibitions. I do not wish to pretend that society can hold together if people murder and steal. What I do say is, that the kind of man whom I should wish to see in the world is one who will have no impulse to murder, who will abstain from murder not because it is prohibited but because his thoughts and feelings carry him away from impulses of destruction. The whole conception of sin has, as it were, gone dead, so far, at least, as conscious thought and feeling are concerned. Most people have not thought out any other system of ethics and have not, perhaps, theoretically rejected the old system. But it has lost its hold on them. They do not murder or steal as a rule because it would not be in their interest to do so, but one cannot say as much for their obedience to the Seventh Commandment. They have, in fact, no wish to conform to the ancient pattern. The Publican thanks God that he is not as is this Pharisee, and imagines that in so doing he has caught the point of the parable. It does not occur to him that feeling superior is what is reprehended, and that whether it is the Publican or the Pharisee who feels superior is an unimportant detail.

I should wish to persuade those to whom traditional morals have gone dead, and who yet feel the need of some serious purpose over and above momentary pleasure, that there is a way of thinking and feeling which is not difficult for those who have not been trained in its opposite, and which is not one of self-restraint, negation and condemnation. The

good life, as I conceive it, is a happy life. I do not mean that if you are good you will be happy; I mean that if you are happy you will be good. Unhappiness is deeply implanted in the souls of most of us. How many people we all know who go through life apparently gay, and who yet are perpetually in search of intoxication whether of the Bacchic kind or some other. The happy man does not desire intoxication. Nor does he envy his neighbour and therefore hate him. He can live the life of impulse like a child because happiness makes his impulses fruitful and not destructive. There are many men and women who imagine themselves emancipated from the shackles of ancient codes but who, in fact, are emancipated only in the upper layers of their minds. Below these layers lies the sense of guilt, crouching like a wild beast waiting for moments of weakness or inattention, and growing envenomed angers which rise to the surface in strange distorted forms. Such people have the worst of both worlds: The feeling of guilt makes real happiness impossible for them, but the conscious rejection of old codes of behaviour makes them act perpetually in ways that feed the maw of the ancient beast beneath.

A way of life cannot be successful so long as it is a mere intellectual conviction. It must be deeply felt, deeply believed, dominant even in dreams. I do not think that the best kind of life is possible in our day for those who, below the level of consciousness, are still obsessed by the load of sin. It is obvious that there are things that had better

not be done, but I do not think the best way to avoid the doing of such things is to label them sin and represent them as almost irresistibly attractive. And so I should wish to offer the world something scarcely to be called an ethic, at any rate in the old acceptation of that word, but something which, nonetheless, will save men from moral perplexity and from remorse and from condemnation of others. What I should put in the place of an ethic in the old sense is encouragement and opportunity for all the impulses that are creative and expansive. I should do everything possible to liberate men from fear, not only the conscious fears, but the old imprisoned primeval terrors that we brought with us out of the jungle. I should make it clear, not merely as an intellectual proposition, but as something that the heart spontaneously believes, that it is not by making others suffer that we shall achieve our own happiness, but that happiness and the means to happiness depend upon harmony with other men. When all this is not only understood but deeply felt, it will be easy to live in a way that brings happiness equally to ourselves and to others. If men could think and feel in this way, not only their personal problems, but all the problems of world politics, even the most abstruse and difficult, would melt away. Suddenly, as when the mist dissolves from a mountain top, the landscape would be visible and the way would be clear. It is only necessary to open the doors of our hearts and minds to let the imprisoned demons escape and the beauty of the world take possession.—*Home Service*

Patronage of Art and the Festival

DAVID BAXANDALL on the exhibition, 'Sixty Paintings for '51'

SIXTY Paintings for '51' is an extremely interesting exhibition of large, and very large, pictures, which began its tour of England in Manchester at the beginning of this month. These large canvases, painted at the Arts Council's invitation, are more than just an exhibition; they have a still more general interest than that. For one thing, this is a very enterprising experiment in patronage, and before saying anything about the pictures themselves, I should like to tell you something about that side of it.

This activity we call—that is, the creation of works of art, and the appreciation of them—seems to be one of the conditions necessary for a living civilisation. But how is this activity maintained? The artist has usually worked for a patron—that is for an institution, or an individual, or a lot of individuals, who will pay him for his creative activity, whether he is author, playwright or composer of music. Painters—the sort of artists we are concerned with at the moment—are usually paid by the purchase of the work of art they have made. On a purely material plane, then, the painter makes things which people can buy. And just as you can either buy your clothes ready-made or you can have them made to measure, so you can either go to an exhibition, or to a painter's studio and buy one of the completed pictures you see there, or you can choose a painter and say, 'Look here, I want a painting to fill a recess five feet wide and seven feet high, with an arched top. I want it cool and fairly restful. Can you do something of this sort, and what would it cost?'

In the earlier days of European painting this second sort of arrangement was usual. The chief patron was the Church. Painters like Giotto or Masaccio were given certain areas of wall to fill, and the subjects of these paintings were usually chosen for them too, the great fundamental Bible themes, perhaps, or it might be a series of scenes from the life of a saint. As the Renaissance developed, painters found patrons not only in the Church, but also in individual rulers, and again the subject might be dictated to the painter. This did not seem to hamper him. The job of celebrating in paint the victory of the Florentines over the Sienese at San Romano, for example, resulted in one of the most glorious pictures in the National Gallery. At that time, most of the paintings ordered by the Church or the ruling prince were destined for buildings used by the public. But as time went on, the circle of possible patrons widened, taking in more and more private individuals. And the more individuals this circle included, the smaller were the pictures that each of them wanted, and the contact between painter and public was gradually lost.

You see what this means to the artist. Giotto worked for between two

and three years on his paintings in the Arena Chapel at Padua; that was a single commission. But nowadays, a painter has to produce a large number of pictures, small enough to go on the walls of the sort of rooms you are sitting in now. They are not commissioned works; he must hope that people will buy them off the peg, as it were. Also, the purses of the sort of people who might buy an occasional good modern painting have shrunk, like the rooms they live in. The result, in England at any rate, is that most of our more serious and creative painters not only have to do some part-time teaching, or other work, in order to live, but also find that such work as they can sell has to be on a fairly small scale.

The power and value of a painting cannot, of course, be measured by the number of square feet it covers. On the other hand, there are certain noble and monumental qualities which an artist seems only to develop fully in work on a fair scale. And I think that large size, and some of the monumental qualities that go with it, are necessary if a work is to make that contact with the general public which I mentioned above. In a small work, an artist may well speak of a private fantasy in a personal idiom. That is quite all right, because the probable home of this work is the private room of some sympathetic individual; sympathetic, or he would not have bought this work. But when an artist does a really large painting for a public building, he is doing something that will be shared by a large section of the public. Something more fundamental than a private fantasy is needed. What a pity, then, that conditions today discourage our artists from painting any but small and medium-sized canvases. I imagine that it was very much this sort of thought that led the Arts Council to plan 'Sixty Paintings for '51'.

They began by inviting sixty painters to paint a large picture. It was not to be less than 45 inches by 60 inches, but it could be as much bigger as the painter wished—he had only to say, and the Arts Council would provide him with the canvas and stretcher. Also, the Arts Council undertook to buy five of the pictures at £500 each. The rest were to be on sale at prices fixed by the artists, and all sixty were to form an exhibition that would be shown in a dozen or so centres. The Arts Council has also encouraged other bodies to consider buying pictures from this exhibition. It was pointed out to big industrial and commercial organisations, to Municipal Art Galleries, to other public and private bodies, the opportunity they have to celebrate the Festival year by acquiring works of a scale and importance which private patronage can no longer support. It will be interesting to see what sort of a response there is.

Some of the painters seem to have regarded this invitation as a challenge, a golden opportunity to attempt something on the grand

scale, and so the exhibition includes canvases eleven feet, twelve feet, and even seventeen feet in length. There are pictures of every size. And every mood and type too, because in selecting their sixty painters, the Arts Council has cast its net widely. So you find every kind of picture from William Gear's arrangement of paint that does not represent anything, to Lucian Freud's realism, which is so meticulous and detailed that even the most devout pre-Raphaelite seems a trifle slipshod by comparison.

Three of the pictures are by pillars of the Royal Academy. Some critics may feel that this is carrying broad-mindedness too far, but I think it



Three of the 'Sixty Paintings for '51' now being shown in Manchester: 'South Wales', by Josef Herman—



—'Trafalgar Square, London', by Ceri Richards, and (right), 'Still Life', by Ben Nicholson

shows an unprejudiced desire to include the most notable, honest and serious painting, no matter where it may be found.

Now for the paintings themselves, of which, by the way, there are only fifty-three, because no less than seven of the sixty painters who accepted the Arts Council's invitation were unable to finish their pictures in time. They are not all masterpieces; but that does not matter because it is the positive achievements that count, and they make up the greater part of the show.

One of the objects of the exhibition was to encourage our painters to paint big, so we might begin by looking at the three largest canvases that it has produced. They are of strongly contrasting types. Rodrigo Moynihan's immense portrait group of nine of the staff of the Royal College of Art, seems to me an academic painting of the soundest sort; I mean that it is the outcome of very considerable skill, taste, and knowledge. The artist has tackled the difficult job of making a conversation piece in the grand manner; combining nine lifelike portraits in a fairly informal grouping, and yet making out of it a dignified composition. And he has succeeded amazingly well. He has seen, or imagined, each bit of it in relation to the rest, which is not easy when you are dealing with nine different portraits—you cannot keep the other eight people standing there all the time you are working on any particular head. But the result has a remarkable unity of impression about it.

This picture seems to me to be just what academic paint-

ing should be, and if there were more of this quality at Burlington House every summer, I imagine that serious critics would be able to say kinder things about the Royal Academy. I suppose a painting like this one of Moynihan's is satisfying because it does the job it sets out to do with such pleasing taste and skill. It is not the result of very strong feeling, or of any very exciting discovery; it is urbane and dignified prose, if you like, and there is a place for that, as well as for poetry. This painting has an additional interest, incidentally, because not only has Moynihan included himself in the group, but the painters of four of the other pictures in this exhibition are shown here too.

When you turn from the Moynihan to Josef Herman's twelve-foot-long picture called 'South Wales', you move into a completely different emotional climate. There is a brooding intensity of feeling about this picture of



four miners, and a woman and child, planted there, heavy and un-moving as rocks, dark against an orange sky, against which, too, the lopsided black pyramid of a tip is seen in the distance. Josef Herman has lived for a good many years in the Welsh mining valleys. His paintings of them, and more especially of the people who live in them, are always deeply felt, and here he has created a monumental expression of his feeling. I suppose that if one has to find a label which fits his painting, expressionism is as good as any. He does not, that is to say, give you accurate portraits in the way Moynihan has done, and his distortions and re-shapings are all forced out of him, as it were, by the strength of what he has felt. And it is only by intensifying the darkness of the human shapes, and their squatness and squareness, and their somehow tragic, unyielding stolidity, and simplifying the landscape in which they seem rooted to a hardly varied darkness, against the flaring orange sky—it is only by painting in this way that he can make us understand what he has felt, and it is something worth understanding, something that enlarges one's imaginative experience. And it has found a noble and a monumental expression in this work.

Language of Colour and Form

The biggest of all the pictures here is the seventeen-foot Ivon Hitchens. This is more obviously decorative than either the other two. It is brighter and gayer. One's first impression is that, apart from a figure on the right, the picture is composed of a lot of patches of bright colour, like a very irregular patchwork quilt. After a bit, you may find that there is a decorative logic underlying this patchwork, and then everything seems to fall into place.

It is tempting to try to group the rest of the pictures into a few neatly labelled categories. How coherent one's survey would become, but how false an impression it would give, for the paintings that have so far impressed me most are a richly varied assortment. First then there is Laurence Lowry, whose fascinated, amused, and affectionate response to the Lancashire industrial scene has found a perfect expression in paint. His large industrial landscape shows the qualities we have come to expect from him. It does not represent accurately any actual scene; it is a composition built up slowly and carefully in the studio. The feeling for proportion, for a lovely sequence of intervals between the dark accents formed by the many mill chimneys, for example, is as strong as always. Lowry's picture is one of those very individual works that is unlike anything else there. So, in a completely different way, is the picture by the youngest painter represented, Lucian Freud. This interior, with a figure gazing at a tall and spiky plant in a pot that stands on the floor, is painted with what appears at first sight to be microscopically detailed realism. But it is more than mere photographic recording; there is an almost morbid intensity of vision. The effect is sinister and disturbing. It is a compelling image, a picture one feels one will never forget. I think it may well be Freud's best painting so far.

The last few pictures I have time to say anything about have one thing in common, and that is their insistence that the true language of the painter is colour and form. It is an insistence that is at the core of the main European tradition of painting. And this language of colour and form can be used, not only for the most austere classical ends, but for the most romantic and expressionist ones equally. The painting by William Gear which has the title 'Autumn Landscape', attempts to use the pure language of painting and nothing else. It is an arrangement of paint, portraying no recognisable object or scene. What the artist has done is to give us a colour harmony that is evocative of autumn. Whether this is enough I am not sure. I do not, myself, feel that the shapes in the picture have any very expressive effect. They do not seem to have that curious vitality, that life of their own, that shapes, as well as colours, must have, if one is not to tire of the picture.

I find that many visitors agree with my feeling that one does find this overall vitality in the very tall painting by Peter Lanyon. There is the faintest suggestion of landscape here, but it is almost entirely an affair of paint alone. And with the pure language of painting, Lanyon has managed to evoke very strongly the mood of a particular piece of country, the farthest part of Cornwall, the very end of England, a granite bastion with the Atlantic washing it on all sides. All the cool greens and grey-greens of the shore rocks and rock pools seem to be there, and their textures too; all the smooth sliding greens you glimpse in the heart of a wave are in it, and the milky greens of the wave in the moment that it breaks. And the forms pile up in this tall picture in an untidiness that is only untidy at first glance, but that one soon feels to have the inevitability of natural life and growth, not an order imposed

by man's mind, but an order corresponding to the architecture nature herself achieves in a rugged Atlantic headland.

It is the pure language of painting again in Victor Pasmore's abstract painting 'The Snowstorm'. In this, a monochrome design of spirals and swirls animates the surface of the canvas, growing paler as it moves outwards from a nodal point. The rhythms are not unlike those one sees when watching falling snow whirled by different eddies of wind. A friend of mine pointed out to me the resemblance between this picture and certain paintings by Turner—particularly his 'Snowstorm at Sea', which is almost as abstract an arrangement of swirling shapes as this. This is an interesting comparison, particularly as a few years ago there was a strong kinship between some of Pasmore's finest realistic landscapes and certain Turners. In the present case I think one can say that both Turner and Pasmore seek an equivalent in paint for their apprehension of certain elemental forces in nature.

I said just now that through the pure language of painting, artists could achieve a wide variety of ends. The last two pictures I want to mention make this very clear indeed: Ceri Richards' 'Trafalgar Square', and Ben Nicholson's 'Still Life, 1950'. They are both big pictures, but one tends to forget this because they are the right size for what they contain. Neither is a realistic or descriptive painting, although both are composed of shapes recognisably derived from real objects—in other words, both depend on the language of form and colour. And both seem to me to be among the finest and most rewarding paintings in the show. Yet in all other ways their effect is utterly different. The Richards exhilarates you with its explosion of joyous vitality, the classical serenity of the Nicholson exalts and calms your spirit, so that you are at harmony with yourself.

Let us look at the Ceri Richards first. This does not give us a description of Trafalgar Square, and the people who feed the pigeons there, as, say, Frith might have done. It is a fantasia on the theme of Trafalgar Square; it takes some of the shapes you find there, the shape of the ornamental basin round each fountain, for example, and the jets of water, and by altering them, it develops its own gorgeous music. The ground colour all over is a vivid blue, and against this, two main shapes appear in yellow—the outline of the ornamental basin, and a tall figure. They have what I can only describe as an oddly satisfying lopsided balance. And all around these, in less marked contrast to the blue ground, there is such a wealth of pictorial invention—the brilliantly drawn rhythms of the bird feeders, the camera enthusiast, and the wonderfully rendered flurry and fluster of the pigeons—there is so much life that the picture seems bursting with vitality, and its effect seems to spread well outside the area of the canvas, in the way that happens with some Rubens.

The Ben Nicholson does not make you think of Rubens; his is a calm, withdrawn mood more like that of Piero della Francesca. The visual music is created out of shapes based on those of some mugs and goblets on a table—the theme of as many Ben-Nicholson's as Mont Ste. Victoire was of Cézanne's. But it is the music that is the subject of the picture, this serene counterpoint of taut and vital lines and shapes that lifts us to a plane of feeling, on which we seem, in some way we cannot explain, a little nearer to an intuitive understanding of reality. It is, I think, akin to the mood that Wordsworth describes so well in the lines that end:

While with an eye made quiet
By the power of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If the labels 'classical' and 'romantic' still mean anything—and it seems fashionable to bandy them about again—then Ben Nicholson is a classical painter and Ceri Richards a romantic, but each, it seems to me, uses the pure language of painting admirably for his own purpose.

There is a great deal more to enjoy in this Exhibition than I have had time to mention by name, but that you will discover for yourselves if you come to see it, for it is a most stimulating and a memorable experience. And it is only by looking at a picture that we allow it to have its say—not by talking or reading about it, not by looking at an uncoloured ghost of it in a newspaper, nor by listening to a description of it. These pictures were painted for you to look at, after all.

—North of England Home Service

The Supplementary Reserve for the Army has now been reconstituted and the War Office has written to a large number of ex-servicemen explaining the purpose of the Reserve and asking them to consider joining in the Arms or Corps to which they formerly belonged. Details about liabilities, terms of service and pay have been made available in a pamphlet called *The Supplementary Reserve*, published by the War Office.

London's Festival: Rewards and Discoveries

The second of six talks by J. B. PRIESTLEY, entitled 'The Spur of the Moment'

WHEN I am staying in London, I live just off Piccadilly, and so am well placed to observe what is happening. And from the beginning of this last week, although the sun refused to bless us, I noticed a festival air about the place. I do not know how many foreign visitors have arrived, but there always seemed plenty of them near where I live. It's odd how one can always recognise these foreign visitors, although they may not wear peculiar hats or queer whiskers or be overheard talking in strange languages. But there is about them a suggestion of leisure and a blankly enquiring look; and a faint hint, among the younger types, of the Babes in the Woods. I hope they are enjoying themselves.

Books and Photographs

All this last week I was anxious to return to the South Bank Exhibition, on a better morning than that of its formal opening. This was partly for your sake, and partly for my own, for I am now the passionate possessor of a little camera that takes stereoscopic pictures in colour, pictures that are not like life but are better than life, and I wanted to indulge my hobby on the South Bank. Wednesday arrived, cold and wet, more like February than May; and although I had arranged to visit the Exhibition, I changed my mind, and went off, damp and gloomy, to the solemn avenues of South Kensington where Victoria and Albert have their Museum. The first thing I saw there was the Exhibition of Books, one of many organised by the National Book League. I will confess that duty alone led me to this Exhibition, for I had no hopes of it. I like to read books but find no joy in staring at them when they are in glass cases. But here I was wrong—unlike more important public men and all editors, I am often wrong—for this Exhibition of Books is gay, ingenious and enticing, doing much credit to Messrs. Hadfield and Chadwick, who have organised and designed it and have been very cunning indeed. Believe it or not, this representative array of books is *amusing*, with peep shows and other pleasing devices. And lots of people were enjoying it. Next door, still in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is as spacious as the queen's reign, were the Masterpieces of Victorian Photography. I am very fond of Victorian photography and will touch my hat any time to Octavius Hill, Fox Talbot and Mrs. Cameron. In these old photographs how superbly masculine the men are, like old lions, and how deeply mysterious the women, each of them wearing enough garments to stock a shop these days! And what atmosphere the early photographs have, with streets and gardens and solemn faces fixed for ever in the strange sunlight of a dream! If you find yourself anywhere near South Kensington, don't miss this little Exhibition, selected from over 5,000 photographs by Mr. Gernsheim, a notable collector. It has been organised by the Arts Council, who have been organising exhibitions like mad all over the country and seem to me to have done an uncommonly good job for the Festival. Certainly they have for the visual arts and for music in London; and if the drama does not seem to me so impressive or representatively British, please remember I am in that trade myself and probably not innocent of envy and malice.

Round the corner from the Victorian photographs are the rooms given up to the Great Exhibition of 1851, showing pictures of it, a collection of documents about it, and some of the original exhibits. The worst of these was a glass case from Strasburg, I think, in which there were tiny stuffed kittens posturing round a miniature dinner table—a little nightmare of bad taste. But there was nothing in the general scheme of that 1851 Exhibition to encourage us to despise our great-great-grandfathers. Taking into account the resources of those days, it was far bolder than our present effort, and we would have had to erect a skylon 1,500 feet high and a Dome of Discovery that bridged the Thames to come near their audacity. Paxton's gigantic glass palace was the wonder of the world, as it deserved to be—for consider this, that on one day, October 7, 1851, this one building held 93,224 people. Moreover, the Victorians were equally bold about their prices of admission. For most of the season, it was a shilling from Monday to Thursday, half-a-crown on Friday, and five shillings on Saturday; and

if we remember what wages and prices were in those days, we must admit that these charges are very stiff indeed, about six times as much as ours. You can buy an excellent Commemorative Album of the Great Exhibition of 1851 at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and in it are several pages of contemporary comment. My heart goes out to the quotation from Dickens, who says: 'I find I am used up by the Exhibition. I don't say there is nothing in it: there's too much. I have only been twice, so many things bewilder one. I have a natural horror of sights, and the fusion of so many sights in one, has not decreased it. I am not sure that I have seen anything but the Crystal Fountain and the Amazon'.

Now these are more or less my feelings after spending a long day at the South Bank Exhibition on Thursday, when at last the sun struggled through, though there was still a nipping wind. So don't ask me for a detailed description of what there is to be seen inside the vast Dome of Discovery, which I visited in the company of apparently several thousand schoolchildren, who swarmed everywhere, wearing large labels, like mad parcels. All the discoveries are there, including the latest speculations of science, and perhaps it is symbolical of our state of affairs that there is everything in that fantastic and impressive building except daylight. The best I can do for you is a few general and unsystematic observations, odd notes. One good thing is that you don't spend too long indoors but soon come out into the sunshine (and I think this Exhibition needs sunshine), catching pleasant glimpses of fountains (which might have been more various and graceful), pleasing or grotesque shapes, fine splashes of colour. In fact, the use of colour, of which we have been starved for years, is perhaps the best and most original feature of this Exhibition.

Conventional Catering

There is a good deal of art about, special murals, sculptural groups and so on; and some of it is goodish, and some of it is a sad blunder, being messy, pretentious, downright ugly. In short, I feel that the architects, designers, decorators, have been more happily employed than the actual painters and sculptors. Perhaps a few more commissions might have been given to older and more cheerful artists, less given to celebrating in their art the approaching doom of civilisation, more decorative and conventional in their approach to the job. On the other hand, the catering—and don't let us pretend we care nothing about food and drink on these occasions—is altogether too conventional, and hardly frees itself from the ancient bondage of the railway refreshment room. There was a chance here, I think, with so many people queuing up for refreshment and ready to take a chance on anything edible, to break the old iron chains, to be adventurous and forswear tepid soup and drowned 'veg', tea and buns, and to have organised at least one restaurant that would express a favourite idea of mine—offering us simply one first-class dish but a general steaming plateful of it. Looking for a place with no queue, I found a defeated little establishment where I paid eight shillings for two glasses of lager and a ham sandwich, all they had to offer; and I felt that somebody there might have had sufficient enterprise to send out for a taxi-load of cold cooked food from the nearest store.

Thank heaven, the pavilions had better minds planning them. You will, I think, specially enjoy those pavilions dealing with the Land of Britain, the Natural Scene, the Country, and with the People of Britain; from earliest times, and with the Sea and Ships and Transport in general, where you will see hundreds of little boys bobbing about in a little boy's paradise. One proud thought came to me here. What an amazing number of glorious *little* contributions we British have made to world civilisation! We remember what we have given by way of parliamentary institutions and the like, literature, the larger scientific discoveries; but we forget, until we are reminded by what we see in these pavilions, what our old love of the land and its creatures and plants has encouraged us to give the world, ranging from giant bulls to the exquisite varieties of garden flowers. Other nations have often thought us insufferable—as indeed we can be—but what a lot they

have taken from us, down to the very games they play, often with such skill and intensity that they come and beat us! We are, I fancy, now charging ahead with television and other optical antics. You may see this for yourself in the Exhibition Telecinema—or shall I say Kinema and thus save a hundred elderly protesting clergymen tuppence-ha'penny apiece? This is handsome and well done, though too small for so many eager patrons; and there, merely by wearing polarised glasses—I say this glibly though I have not the least notion what polarised glasses are—you see genuine stereoscopic films, with a terrific third dimension—for the eye, if not, as they claim, for the ear. But the programme might be improved, for the trip down the Thames, though truly stereoscopic, is too dull, and much inferior to what can be seen outside the building. And the best of these sights, to my mind, is the stretch along the river called on the Exhibition Plan 'the Seaside' where at last old Thames, which is after all one of the noblest rivers in western Europe, comes into his own, looking so gay and bright, at once so sensible and happily nonsensical, that you would hardly recognise him.

It is this use of the river, not only for decorative purposes but also as an approach to and exit from the Exhibition, of which it seems an essential part, that more than excuses any weakness there might be in using the South Bank site. On a warm day—and there will have to be warm days sooner or later—I could spend hours of enchantment, without a thought in my head, hanging about this promenade, keeping an eye on that rum metal contrivance that splashes water on itself and on you too if you are not careful, or lounging on one of the little look-out platforms, which are among the happier inspirations of the Exhibition. Away from the river, the kiosks, where you can buy things, are admirably placed and designed; but I had a notion that their commerce could easily be improved. Here I think our organisers have been too austere. It's all very well people grumbling that a day on the South

Bank is too expensive; but when we give ourselves up to sight-seeing, even if the money is running out, we find ourselves instinctively wanting to do some shopping, if only for a souvenir or two of the occasion; and not enough thought has been given to satisfying these impulses, which will be even stronger among foreign visitors than among ourselves. Nobody wants to turn the place into a shop—but more, and better, things to buy, please!

Good as the day had been, the night was much better. I felt after dark as if some old dream, haunting me since boyhood, had come true. Music set the mood, for I ended my day in the Royal Festival Hall, this time perched in one of those odd boxes, where, I must admit, both sight and sound were better than before. Sir Adrian Boult had taken the London Philharmonic singing and storming their way through the mighty C major Symphony of Schubert—a favourite work of both conductor and orchestra, and one they play with tenderness and rapture—and the great finale, in which we all march for ever from the trenches to the billets of heaven, was still ringing in my ears as I sauntered down the wide stairs and found a beer, smoked a pipe and smiled gratefully at some of the musicians in the bar below. And then out for a final stroll along the new south embankment, with lights everywhere and coloured fountains, and the high buildings of the north bank nobly flood-lit, and the river itself gold-dusted and twinkling with sapphire and emerald reflections. It was the familiar old London, and the skyline from Westminster Abbey to a floating St. Paul's was there to prove it; but the fun and glory of some dream of what London might be had somehow found its way out of the unknown dimensions of our desire and imagination, had scattered fire and gold and fountains along the river bank, lifting the heart as Schubert had done; and music was the city and the city was music; so that in that moment this life of ours seemed wonderful.—*Home and General Overseas Services*

South Bank Adventure

By HUGH CASSON

A COUSIN of mine, no more to be trusted so far as stories are concerned perhaps than most cousins, told me the other day that she had recently bought at her grocer's a tin of potted meat. Printed on the lid was the instruction for opening. 'Pierce with pin', it said peremptorily, 'and then push off'. Like, I suspect, many of my colleagues, I am feeling a little like that lid—pricked, deflated, abandoned. You can probably guess why. Since 1948 we in the Festival Office have worked together in trying to achieve something which we hoped would be more adventurous and novel than anything that had ever been attempted anywhere before. A few days ago it was finished. Now there is nothing more for us to do but to follow the instruction and push off.

Whether in fact the results of our efforts are as exciting as we hoped they would be is for you to judge. But I should like to tell you a little about some of the problems we have met in putting it on.

First of all I want to make it clear that to mount an exhibition of this size is a team job in which many hundreds of people are concerned—architects and engineers, technicians and building workers in all trades, script writers and sculptors, typists and lorry drivers, scientists and painters, canteen cooks and gardeners and clerks. Between them they have managed to transform some twenty-seven acres of dilapidated wharves and derelict housing, for generations a disgrace to central London, into a New World. This is a technical achievement of which I think any nation could feel proud. Site conditions were difficult; as you know, the weather has been the worst this country has known for eighty years; materials and labour have been scarce. But to these general difficulties must be added a host of other problems.

These problems—I speak only of architectural difficulties, and they are only a fraction of those which daily faced the Festival Office—showed upon us from the first day, way back in the autumn of 1948, when the theme of the Exhibition had been drafted and the South Bank site chosen. I have no quarrel with the site—on the contrary. It is a magnificent challenge to any designer. But it did have its disadvantages. It was small (only twenty-seven acres, you remember); it was cut in half by a railway bridge and a public right of way; it had only got

one tree. There were existing tenants whose leases did not expire till 1951 and much of the area had already been promised to contractors at work on the new River Wall and Royal Festival Hall.

So, as you can probably imagine, there was lots to do before we could even start on the drawing board. Weeks were spent negotiating with the authorities concerned—among them the London County Council, the Port of London Authority, British Railways, the police and various Government departments—so it was not until Christmas 1948 that the first plan of the exhibition was really ready for discussion.

This plan was prepared by a group of five architects and designers. We used to meet in an attic bedroom of a requisitioned house off Sloane Street. Here, huddled in overcoats (for the heating was erratic) we sat hour after hour while the tracing paper piled about our knees, trying to devise a plan which would ensure well-arranged circulation and points of access, well-distributed restaurant, lavatory and exhibition services and, most important of all, would achieve a lay-out of pavilions which was both efficient and exciting to the eye. Wherever possible we would escape from the office to wander over the site—still little more in those days than a desert of rubble, above which concrete mixers ground their clattering teeth. I used to prefer going in the evening when there was nobody about but a stray cat and the old watchman with his gammy leg. (I saw him there still a week or two ago—like the Shot Tower and the railway bridge and the river, an old friend from the past.) It was quiet then on those evening strolls. No sound except the occasional rumble of the Waterloo Tube, the hoot of a tug, or the faint metallic clink from the cooling engine of a parked lorry.

It was during these quiet walks that we tried to picture the site as it could be, to think out how to make the best use of the space, where to change the levels. (By nature the site is as flat and featureless as a peppermint cream.) What structures to keep—perhaps an old barge dock or an arcade of bridge vaults—and finally, very important this, trying to choose which parts of surrounding London should be tactfully veiled, and which could be dramatically revealed. Such decisions had often to be altered to meet unexpected circumstances. An experimental structure could prove unworkable or too

expensive. Room would have to be found unexpectedly for a new exciting and enormously bulky exhibit. The road excavators would strike an obstacle too expensive and time-wasting to remove. You will find one of these, by the way, at the foot of the old Shot Tower—an old crane track as strong as a medieval battlement and we have used it as a part of the boat dock display. But by and large the South Bank Exhibition looks today, for good or ill, much the same as we originally conceived it, a carefully composed series of open and closed spaces through which the visitor moves, his eye constantly stimulated by changing view points. As he walks around he will, we hope, enjoy himself. He will not notice (at least we hope he will not) that he is treading on a battlefield.

For those of us who have worked upon this project every square yard of these twenty-seven acres is heavy with history. This manhole conceals an underground reservoir—needed because somebody, thank goodness, suddenly remembered we might this summer have a drought and, as usual, an official ban on the watering of gardens. The Thames, remember, is still salt at the South Bank and no good for flowers. This patch in the road—perceptible only to the anguished eye of the architect—is where a water main burst a few days before the opening and bubbled disarmingly across the green fairway. That light patch of paint marks the scar left by a rogue lorry: those flower-pots placed with such apparently casual charm, in fact are elaborately arranged to conceal an ill-considered corner.

Office Problems

Back in the office meanwhile the questions multiplied. Would fantail pigeons nest happily in the Shot Tower? How many litter bins were wanted? What depth of water was needed at the pier heads? Could we find room for a mandolin made of matches? (Yes, to this one.) Which sculptors could we recommend to depict a starving boy, a Roman chariot, the Spirit of Discovery, or Florence Nightingale? Sometimes we were cheered by an unusual letter, such as that from an enterprising manufacturer in the Midlands who asked whether space could be devoted to a discreet display of his coffin fittings and shrouds, or from a friend of a widow in North London whose house, we were told, was a veritable Aladdin's Cave of Beauty composed of hand-painted lampshades, of which, said the writer, we would obviously be in need of great numbers. There were plenty of callers, too, journalists, cranks, salesmen, hopeful painters with portfolios of drawings, architectural students—even one day, I remember, a young poetess, who asked for permission to sit at the foot of the Shot Tower for a day in search of inspiration. Life was more leisurely for us in 1949 and we were able to grant this request. Our Clerk of Works looked after her and plied her with endless cups of mahogany coloured tea, but I am sorry to say that we have not yet seen the poem.

Month by month the buildings grew in their tangle of scaffolding, each one designed by a different architect, each with his own or its own particular problem. Most of these buildings, remember, are very unorthodox both in appearance and in method of construction, but this is as it should be. Exhibitions have always been the nursery of new ideas. They are the architect's laboratory, where his experiments are carried out. But experiments, however desirable, have their drawbacks. You cannot be sure they will succeed, and when mounting an exhibition there is never much time to replace a failure. For an exhibition designer time—as Hemingway tells us, is the least thing we have of.

Difficulties of Smallness

But looking back, I think perhaps the most complicated of all the problems with which our architects and engineers have had to contend were those which arose from the smallness of the site. Space was so short that every step had to be carefully planned well in advance. Cranes and concrete mixers, canteens and first-aid huts, dumps of sand and drainpipes, all had to be placed where they would be least in the way for the longest time. Ornamental lakes, once built, were used as stores or temporarily roofed to serve as workshops. Contractors' huts had to be shifted here and there as work progressed, even being hoisted for a time on to a vacant flat roof, and reached only by a ladder. Lorry routes had to be charted in advance to avoid the network of trenches being dug for the underground services—and what a network!—sewers, gas, water, electricity, telephones, fire alarms, crowd control cables, radio and television lines.

As the months went by the pace quickened, the site became still more congested. Exhibits began to arrive—there were some ten thousand of these. Whether it is an ashtray or a pedigree bull, a cricket bat or a monster telescope, a railway engine or a sofa cushion, it has to be chosen, labelled, catalogued, and put in its right place. This was the period—so familiar to all exhibition designers—when the little daily disasters occur and multiply as the fatal day of opening approaches. The rats which gnawed at the telephone cables; the roofs leaking over valuable exhibits; the statue which was fixed (to the horror of the sculptor) facing, it seems, the wrong way; the mouse's nest discovered in the mane of the stuffed lion; the underwater lighting point that leaked; the refrigerating plant which suddenly began to disgorge more water than its drain could carry; the sparrows that stripped the bark from the young bamboos; the piece of glass, shaped, engraved and polished over many weeks, which broke when lifted for the final dusting; the tree, alas, that died.

But I will say no more of these or you will spend your visit looking—like architects—for nothing but the ill-concealed mistake. Lots of things went wrong, but quite a lot of things went right as well—or at least went the way we sent them. As I say, it has been an adventurous journey, not unlike the famous voyage described by Edward Lear and commanded by Quangle-Wangle. So many of the events and encounters are the same. Those characters (do you remember?) who were perpetually and so unsuccessfully disentangling vast heaps of knotted worsted, and the bluebottles who discoursed in a genteel manner with a slightly buzzing accent. We could all, I think, put a name to them. And the Co-operative Cauliflower, so helpful to start with, who suddenly and unpredictably stalked angrily off into the sunset—so exactly like—well, never mind who. And when the voyage was done the travellers, tired and a little pleased with themselves, were received upon their return with joy and contempt. Well, whether your verdict on our work is joyful or contemptuous, remains to be seen, but of one thing I can be sure: that if you enjoy the South Bank Exhibition half as much as we have enjoyed the experience of mounting it, then you will enjoy it very much indeed.

—Home Service

The Australian Federation

(Continued from page 780)

top in Australia, and in federal politics Reid could not hope for leadership. Besides, with five colonies more or less protectionist, there would be little hope for free trade in the Federal Parliament—he compared New South Wales to a teetotaler contemplating housekeeping with five drunkards.

We approached Reid with the Corowa plan. He received us graciously, and agreed to recommend it to his brother Premiers. They agreed; Enabling Acts were passed in five colonies (Queensland did not come in line till later); a new Convention under Barton's leadership framed a new Constitution, which was duly submitted to the electors. The chief opposition was in New South Wales. Reid was not yet a complete convert. After a few days' meditation, he addressed a monster meeting in the Sydney Town Hall, showed himself a candid critic of the new Constitution, and finally announced that his own vote would be 'yes' (delighted cheers from the federalists), but that he would not advise the electors one way or the other (delighted cheers from the antis). His vacillation earned him the soubriquet of 'yes-no-Reid'. Characteristically, he retorted with mock indignation, 'That is a baseless lie; the exact opposite is the truth—I was no-yes!'

In New South Wales we had to fight two epic referendum campaigns before final victory. It was before the days of broadcasting; apart from the press, we could only persuade as far as the human voice could carry. We flooded the country with the printed word—from articles in a hundred newspapers to a snowstorm of handbills; every hall, hotel balcony and street-corner rang with the noise of our declamation and that of our opponents. But we held the winning hand; all the colonists accepted the Constitution and after a brief tussle with Joseph Chamberlain, who was very sticky about limitation of the right of appeal to the Privy Council, and a few other matters—and 'Dominion status' had not yet been fully accepted in Downing Street—the Commonwealth of Australia was born.—Home Service

How the Partisans of Peace Serve Russia

By DONALD McLACHLAN

THEY make a strange pair these two nouns—partisans and peace. One thinks of the partisan as a civilian fighter, member of a guerrilla band, perhaps a soldier by night and a peasant or mechanic by day, like the men of the French Maquis. He attacks the enemy in his rear, behind the front; notice that, behind the front. Yet the word peace conjures up a very different picture: of the partisan throwing aside his arms, of quiet and security, of the end of fighting. How can one be a partisan of peace?

Slogans to Arouse the Masses

The men who direct the peace campaign for the Soviet Union must have faced this question at one time or another—for they are masters in the choice of slogan and epithet. What did they mean and want with this phrase, now used with pride by hundreds of thousands all over the world? I think first they wanted to avoid the word 'pacifist'; Lenin used roundly to denounce pacifism. A pacifist is a man who wants peace but refuses to fight for it; he is a useful ally in the communist campaign but he cannot lead it. For masses can be roused to action only by slogans that suggest struggle—not war, for none wants that, but action—action that hamstring and demoralises the enemy, for example by strikes and demonstrations. Hence the choice of the martial word 'partisan'. But what kind of peace does the partisan fight for? Not, I think, the lying down of the wolf with the lamb; it is rather what parents mean when they say to their children, 'leave us in peace', 'give us some peace'. That is the mood the partisans try to rouse in their followers. There are innumerable speeches, proclamations, and instructions of the peace campaign where one can hear this tone of the authoritarian parents.

The partisan has laid down for him a set of ideas of what is right and wrong about war and peace. They are all seen in black and white. War in itself is not wrong, for it is one of the methods by which world revolutions and the proletarian victory are hastened on. The guerrilla war of the Greek communists was a just war; the North Koreans and the Chinese—says the partisan—are fighting in Korea a war of liberation. The rearmament of Poland and eastern Germany is a guarantee of peace; so, says the partisan, are movements of discontent and revolt in Africa and Asia against the British and French and the bases of capitalist America. But the rearmament of western Germany would be a threat to peace if it happened; and the revolt of Tito's Yugoslavia, which has happened, is a threat to peace—the result of machinations by aggressive imperialists.

To give some idea of the scale and tone of the peace campaign let me give three quotations. First, *Pravda*, March 25: 'Like mountain streams converging in one mighty torrent and overcoming all obstacles are the peoples of many countries, uniting in the irresistible peace movement for the happiness and brighter future of humanity'. Second, a historian, Borisov, speaking two weeks ago on Moscow Home Service: 'The peoples of Korea and Vietnam, Burma and Malaya, the enslaved peoples of Asia and Africa see in the Soviet Union the untiring defender of progress and justice, the standard bearer of the great principles of peace and friendship among peoples'. Third, a month ago the communist press in Soviet Berlin was denouncing the playwright Bert Brecht for having written an opera which deviated from the party line: 'The world peace camp with its 800,000,000 supporters under the leadership of the Soviet Union is not only a jury of shadows but possesses the very real might and power necessary to bring all war criminals to trial here and now on this earth'.

These quotations, a few among thousands, illustrate three things: how the peace campaign is directed over the heads of Governments at the masses of people, particularly the organised workers; how the appeal to sentiment and idealism is combined with a threat—a threat to waverers and opponents; how the partisan of peace is everywhere working, consciously or unconsciously, as an instrument of Soviet foreign policy. Such ideas and practice are, of course, not new; there were peace campaigns in the 'thirties, campaigns against fascism in which

communists and parties of the left found common ground. Now the appeal for a common front—*front populaire*—of all parties is again being made with peace as the common platform. But the circumstances and the objectives—and above all the scale—have changed.

The peace campaign of 1951, now being directed by the World Peace Council that met recently in Berlin, is four years old. It is a product of 1947—of the months in which the Cominform was founded to resist, by political warfare and industrial unrest, the Marshall Plan and the return of American power to the Continent. At that time the west was not yet rearming; but the spirit of resistance to Russian policy was beginning to show itself. Who planned the peace campaign I do not know; probably Zhdanov, who started the Cominform. It did not need much planning, for the techniques and some of the slogans lay ready to hand from the past. All that was needed was a post-war version—a version that would take account of the prestige that the war had won for the Soviet Union, of its unique military strength and of the revival of its revolutionary influence in Europe and Asia.

Now for the plan of campaign, so far as its history since 1947 can be traced from public sources. First a current of ideas had to be started and the leadership formed. If there was to be a mass appeal it could not be led by known leaders of the Communist Party, as many might be won for a peace campaign who would have no truck with the Party. So leadership in the first stage had to come from intellectuals. Their role—the task of the scientists, artists, journalists, divines and writers—was to infiltrate the *bourgeoisie*. Through wireless and the printed word those intellectual workers and their *bourgeois* followers can reach the public as never before; many will follow a leader of opinion and taste who will not follow a Thorez, a Togliatti or a Mao Tse-tung. And there is in the free world a long tradition among intellectuals of sincere and disinterested opposition to all war and of criticism of the things that cause wars. That is to be exploited.

Exploiting the Intellectuals

At the next stage the intellectuals and their middle-class followers had to be brought into contact with the masses. The tactic for this is to call congresses in the world's capitals. A congress makes news which is reported. No newspaper can ignore the fact that the French atomic physicist Curie-Joliot denounces the atom bomb, or that Mr. Paul Robeson denounces America. Then a congress can vote resolutions which are then the basis for further congresses, for petitions and the signing of petitions. By gathering millions to sign the petitions the mobilisation of opinion is achieved. Another feature of the congress is that it can, if properly organised, demonstrate unanimity—what is called solidarity. I think I am right in saying that since the peace congress of April 1949 in Paris there has been no discussion or debate at these congresses in the sense that free men understand the words. So the snowball of agitation was launched and has rolled on; and as it rolled it pressed into itself all sorts of ideas and emotions—the feeling of dependent Europe whipped up against America; the fear of war; the resentment at post-war conditions; the dread of the atomic bomb; the disappointment at the failure of the war-time allies to agree; and many of the frustrations and hatreds that are bred by conflict in society, in this as in other ages.

As the slogans gather weight they reach the national committees, the regional committees, the party meeting in town and village, the communities of cranks and the groups of moral idealists, the waverers and the revolutionaries. So in five years the peace campaign has moved stage by stage from the Breslau congress to the Stockholm congress of March 1950 which produced the petition against the atom bomb—a petition that was signed, so it is said, by millions of North Koreans shortly before the attack on South Korea began. From Stockholm the leaders moved to Warsaw, and two months ago their biggest demonstration yet was staged in Soviet Berlin.

In Berlin much was new and everything was frank. Speeches ranged from the bland reasonableness of the western professor to the im-

passioned protest of the African student against colonialism. The United Nations was warned that its days were numbered if it did not heed the grievances of the people who were not properly represented by the capitalist and imperialist Governments. Peace prizes for brain workers were founded worth £15,000. The Council resolved to start a propaganda office and a newspaper, to recommend further peace legislation on the lines recommended by its Warsaw meeting last year and to mobilise the 'will of the people'—against the Governments. In France there would be agitation against German rearmament, in India against Japanese rearmament, in Mexico against Truman imperialism. It would canvass the churches and the pacifist societies. And above all it would agitate for the end of the Korean war on China's terms and for a pact of peace between the five Great Powers.

The language of these congresses and of those who are inspired by them will one day make a puzzling and rollicking theme for the student of invective. President Truman, 'the dwarf of Wall Street'; the western foreign ministers, 'members of the gravediggers' international'; and so on. Partisans of peace are good haters; last month the Rumanian paper *Scanteia* called on the people 'to hate the imperialists, for only those who hate them can act with determination and stop the hand of the criminal before it strikes'. And where there is no appeal to hatred there is the appeal to the spirit of combativeness, to the desire to get things done. The Polish peasant is told that his spring sowing is a contribution to peace; the Czech worker that the over-fulfilment of norms is part of the drive for peace.

Only Russia Gains

About the part played in the campaign by Soviet policy there can be no doubt; two years ago *Izvestia* declared that 'this powerful movement of our times is guided by the Soviet Union'. And the movement itself claims Mr. Stalin as its leader. Likewise there can be no doubt of its value to Soviet foreign policy. It makes Governments look over their shoulders. By persistent propaganda of slogans and partisan fads it has added to the strains in our relations with America; there is a clear parallelism between much that has been said in this country lately about American policy in Korea and what was said by the partisans about America two years ago. It is openly and specifically directed to all political and industrial movements in colonial territories. One might venture a comparison with the appeal of the Jacobins of the French Revolution to the peoples of central Europe 150 years ago; or with the appeal of British liberals to the nationalists of eastern Europe 100 years ago. But 100 years ago there was no wireless, few newspapers, no international Communist Party, no large workers' organisation.

Two basic aims reveal themselves in the strategy of the partisans of peace. First there is the attempt to check the rearmament of the western nations and their co-operation for defence by rousing public opinion against them. The attempt is carried out by a persistent and skilful attack on morale and conscience in countries where discussion and thought are free, or relatively free. It is an attempt at moral disarmament of all who are defeatist and nervous in face of a revolutionary and dangerous world situation. The second aim is also openly declared: it is the classic one of creating revolutionary situations amongst free nations. For this operation the masses, as they are called, are the infantry and the communist *élite* provide the general staff behind the front line. Colonial territories are, in Lenin's phrase, the 'rear of the capitalist camp'.

Now as to the motives. If there is ambition behind this campaign, the traditional national ambition of the Russian state, there is also fear—fear of the violent reactions it has provoked in other nations—notably in America. If peace legislation against war talk is introduced in Poland it is because there is fear of Polish resistance to Soviet control. If agitation is encouraged in the rear of the capitalist camp, it is because the capitalist camp has survived the post-war years unexpectedly well and is gathering strength. If propaganda makes America its main target, it is because the leaders of Russia both fear and admire the industrial and political sources of American power. If denunciation of war-mongers is its main theme it is because Soviet policy hopes to achieve its aims without armed resistance involving the Soviet Union. And let it be said that the western press sometimes provides good material for this campaign. One hesitates to draw historical parallels to our present complex situation, but one cannot help comparing the peace agitation as an expression of Soviet policy with Protestant agitation as an expression of the policy of Elizabethan England—at least in some respects. One is tempted, too, by a passage in Albert Sorel's book on Europe and the

French Revolution to which my attention was drawn recently by a student of Russian history. Sorel says of the French revolutionaries:

They believe themselves cosmopolitans, but are so only in their speeches. They feel, think and act, they interpret their universal ideas and their abstract principles through the traditions of a conquering monarchy . . . they identify humanity with the homeland, their national cause with the cause of all the nations. Consequently and quite naturally they confuse the propagation of their new ideas with the extension of France's power, the liberation of peoples with the conquest of states, the European revolution with the domination of the French Revolution in Europe.

Apply this judgment to the Russian communists and we get a parallel which is in some respects inaccurate, but it is suggestive and it helps to put the peace campaign in perspective.

To sum up: what is the picture presented by the campaign of the partisans of peace? First, there is the broad simplification of complicated issues between Governments—issues which the ordinary man cannot follow in all their complexity. Let the masses demand simple solutions—says the partisan—and their will shall prevail. The Korean war can be stopped by withdrawing all foreign troops; the German problem can be solved the same way; the peaceful co-existence and competition of the communist world and the non-communist world can be achieved if the five Great Powers get round a table. Second, there is the suggestion of conspiracy: only a few selfish, corrupt, misguided men at the head of capitalist Governments prevent peace and prepare war. By a counter-conspiracy of the peoples they can be frustrated and their war preparations hamstrung by action in the ports, the factories and the offices. Third, there is the endless repetition of a few simple slogans, which condition people's minds to interpret events and policies in the way that the partisans see them. In short, the partisans of peace are experts in the kind of political warfare that is produced by great revolutions. In that sense our parallel with the French Revolution is, to say the least, illuminating.—*Third Programme*

Prayer for Forgiveness

Death, I repent
Of these hands and feet
That for forty years
Have been my own,
And I repent
Of flesh and bone,
Of heart and liver
Of hair and skin—
Rid me, death,
Of face and form,
Of all that I am.

And I repent
Of the forms of thought,
The habit of mind
And heart crippled
By long-spent pain,
The memory-traces
Faded and worn
Of vanished places
And human faces
Not rightly seen
Or understood.
Rid me, death,
Of the words I have used.

Not this or that
But all is amiss
That I have done,
And I have seen
Sin and sorrow
Befoul the world.
Release me, death,
Forgive, remove
From place and time
The trace of all
That I have been.

KATHLEEN RAINÉ

NEWS DIARY

May 9-15

Wednesday, May 9

Persian Government, replying to British Note on future of Persian oil industry, states that nationalisation of industry is 'sovereign right of every nation'

Australia celebrates fiftieth anniversary of opening of the Federal Parliament

H.M. the King of Denmark installed as Knight of the Garter at Windsor

Thursday, May 10

British Government to stop all further exports of rubber to China this year

Polling takes place for election of borough councils in England and Wales

Friday, May 11

Mr. Herbert Morrison makes statement about Government's attitude to problem of Formosa

General Marshall summarises American policy in Korea in testimony before U.S. Senate Committees

Assembly of Council of Europe at Strasbourg concludes debate on Schuman Plan

Saturday, May 12

Communist troops in Korea reported to be preparing fresh offensive

Foreign Ministers' deputies in Paris hold fiftieth meeting

Battersea fun fair closed because it was full

Sunday, May 13

General Marshall says United States will soon be able to send replacements to Korea at rate of more than a division a month

Lower House of Persian Government elects its nominees to serve on commission which is to carry out nationalisation of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company

General Election to be held in France on June 17

Monday, May 14

Additional Measures Committee of United Nations recommend general ban on export of war materials to China

Council of Europe debates defence problems

Chinese widen bridgehead on central front in Korea

Tuesday, May 15

General Bradley, chairman of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff, begins evidence before Senate committees

Military discussions open in Singapore between British, French and American representatives



Last week Their Majesties visited this country. On May 10 they were accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Corporation and visitors drove along The Mall and



R. G. White (Royal Liverpool) putting on the 18th green during the Walker Cup match at Birkdale near Liverpool on May 11. The Cup was retained by the United States who won by six matches to three with three halved

Judging the open ball in the Show this year was



King Frederick and Queen Ingrid of Denmark paid a State visit to London. Left: a view of the procession as the Danish monarchs arrived at a luncheon at Guildhall which was given in their honour by the City of London. Above: King Frederick is replying to an address presented to him at a Court of Common Council



A photograph taken at Buckingham Palace of Their Majesties the King and Queen with their guests, the King and Queen of Denmark



A large crowd gathered during the Windsor Horse show last week. A feature of the show was a musical display during which the Household Cavalry performed its musical ride



Crowds at the Fun Fair in Battersea Park on the opening day, May 11. On Whit Monday 75,860 people visited the Fair and the queue was at times a mile long. At the South Bank Exhibition there was a record attendance of 93,000

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Self-Interest as a Motive

Sir,—In his talk on 'Self-Interest as a Motive' Canon A. R. Vidler struggled nobly with the paradox of selfishness, self-interest, and self-preservation. But he left confusion worse confounded. If it is self-interest—based on self-respect—that makes Canon Vidler take his dog for a walk in the rain, can it not be argued that the sacrifice of Jesus was self-interested in the same way? Is not every martyr thus self-interested, since to go on living, self-betrayed, would be unendurable misery to him?

But we need not get ourselves into these tangles. Selfishness in ourselves and in society is mainly due to a false sense of perspective that presents each individual as alone and over against the rest of mankind, whereas, in fact, we are inescapably 'members one of another'. Selfishness, so seen, is a form of intellectual and emotional ignorance—a failure to understand in the mind and heart that we each of us exist with others and because of others and can be nothing of ourselves alone. We might say that 'selfishness' is the result of developing self-interest without simultaneously cultivating social-interest. This approach at least gives us a practical job to tackle—the development in our children of social understanding and a proper sense of perspective by the sort of education we provide for them.—Yours, etc.,

Isleworth

JAMES HEMMING

The New Society

Sir,—It is difficult to understand what Mr. E. H. Carr means when, in his talk on 'The New Society—I. The Historical Approach' he says: '... just as most Christians today would not believe in the intervention of God to alter the course of the stars, so many Christians would not believe in the intervention of God in the course of history'. Christians believe that God has decisively intervened in history in the person of Jesus Christ, and that in Jesus Christ, His life and teaching and ministry, the meaning and purpose of history are to be found.

Yours, etc.,

Liverpool

O. R. CLARKE

Sir,—As the daughter of an historian who, in the course of a long life, was tireless in his search for facts, may I say how I deplore Mr. E. H. Carr's open contempt for them? May I further remind him that between 1815 and 1914, when he says that men were conducting their political affairs 'with a reasonable show of decency', Germany provoked wars with no less than four neighbours in which, being victorious, she became the strongest power on the Continent. By 1914 she was able to launch another war, which, had she won it, would have made her mistress of Europe. Is it surprising that this country should have fought from 1914-18 to preserve her freedom, and that when still more threatened in 1939, should have again taken up the challenge? Moreover, far from these wars having engendered 'hatred, enmity and mutual extermination over a large part of the world', as stated by Mr. Carr, the periods following both have been remarkable for unprecedented efforts to promote friendship and co-operation between former enemies.

Unfortunately, as we know, Germany in the first war, for her own ends, had inoculated one

of her most powerful opponents with a revolutionary virus, and this country, greatly strengthened by its alliance with the Western Powers in the second world war is today dominating 100,000,000 people to whom independence had been granted in 1918, and is carrying on propaganda throughout the world against her former Allies.

But on these matters Mr. Carr says no more than that 'this country or western Europe, or what we call the western world, may be doomed to perish in the near future in some sudden cataclysm from within or from without'.

What is the possible cataclysm from within which could compare with the threat offered today by the foreign policy and vast armaments of Soviet Russia?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

KATHARINE ATHOLL

Decline of the Imagination

Sir,—In contrasting 'imagination' with 'cold analytic science' Mr. Muir displays ignorance either of the normal usage of the language or of scientific method itself, for, in the ordinary meaning of imagination it is a vital element in all scientific work. No great discovery was ever made merely by 'carefully observing and studying nature': it is the imaginative conception of a difficulty which initiates and directs the study, and, after the analysis of the observational results, it is again the imagination which visualises the synthesis of the unconnected data.

The present lopsided development of society has been due entirely to the fact that, in the past powerful vested interests have prevented the methods of science from being applied to man's social problems. And so, many of our major social and political actions are based, not on knowledge, but on prejudices, wishes and fears.

There is indeed a great need for the cultivation of that naive reaction to individual experience which Mr. Muir miscalls imagination; but though this might relieve some of our tensions, it could not cure them.—Yours, etc.,

Thames Ditton

W. DOUGLAS

Sir,—Edwin Muir last week equated the human activity, which we call 'Science', with the analytical, as opposed to the imaginative, mental propensities. From this and from the comparatively recent growth of scientific activity he deduces that there has been a relative decline in the imagination.

Another view of what properly constitutes science may lead to quite opposite conclusions. I would suggest that so far from being the product of a unilateral development of the human mind, science represents in fact the most perfect marriage of the imaginative and the analytical attitudes. The work of such men as Pasteur and Rutherford, and indeed Newton, was a combination of brilliant theorising and painstaking analysis. Many scientists would hold that it is the imaginative propensity which is most likely to overreach itself. We have only to remember the very mixed reception in these columns of the imaginative theories of Mr. Hoyle.

I conclude in opposition to Mr. Muir that we yet live in a supremely creative age and should therefore seek not to stimulate wantonly but to curb with proper discipline the imagination,

which if allowed free and uncriticised reign results in pseudo-science and bad ideology.—

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.10

E. J. STROM

Bewildering Diversity of Israel

Sir,—Mr. Toynebee in his broadcast talk on Israel, published recently in THE LISTENER, permitted himself a good many highly doubtful conjectures and a few inaccuracies of fact. The most glaring instance of the latter occurred when he was discussing the recent split in the Israeli Government over the question of education for immigrant children. 'The religious bloc', he declared, 'insisted that this should be in the hands of the Rabbis, no matter what the inclination of the parents might be'. This was actually the reverse of what happened. An agreement had been reached last year whereby children of religious immigrants were able to receive their education from the religious authorities. This arrangement was followed in the immigrant camps for some months. It was the refusal of the *Mapai*, however (the dominant party in the coalition), to extend these facilities to the *Ma'abarot* (transitional work camps) which provoked the bitter resentment of the religious parties and thus brought about the present political crisis.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds

HAROLD FISCH

Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—In Dr. Crammer's second letter (LISTENER, April 5) he raised a specific point about Newton which I have now had a chance of reconsidering. On a biological point my first talk may have been misleading: old age and gout rather than disinterest kept Newton from joining in the controversies of 1710-25. But my main thesis stands. What Newton regarded as 'working for the belief of a Deity' was the fact that the shapes of the planetary orbits were explicable in mathematical terms at all—not the fact that they fitted in with an inverse-square law of force, rather than (say) an inverse-cube one. The exact form of the law was, theologically speaking, a matter of indifference. So that astronomical data 'worked for the belief of a Deity' in a very different, and weaker, manner from that in which they supported the inverse-square hypothesis.

As for Mr. McCracken's letters, I confess I find them a puzzle. In the first (THE LISTENER, March 8) he conceded all that I had been claiming, but added—irrelevantly, as I thought—that death is a matter of philosophical importance. Perhaps his belief that it is 'a scientific theory' that people die has something to do with the case. But this is no theory, scientific or otherwise, nor is it a specially 'scientific' sort of fact. His second letter (THE LISTENER, May 10) is hardly more helpful. For I have been trying not so much to controvert Dr. Huxley's views on 'evolutionary ethics', as to demonstrate that they cannot claim to have the full weight of biology behind them. The passage Mr. McCracken quotes, like others I could cite, strongly suggests that 'discerning the direction of evolutionary progress' is a purely biological task. I do not find that Dr. Huxley's Oxford colleagues share this view.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

STEPHEN TOULMIN

The New Society—II

From Competition to Planned Economy

By E. H. CARR

EXPERIENCE shows that the structure of society at any given time and place, as well as the prevailing theories and beliefs about it, are largely governed by the way in which the material needs of the society are met. In feudal Europe, as in most settled primitive communities, the unit of economic self-sufficiency was extremely small. Division of labour there was; but, apart from the famous traditional division between 'those who fight, those who pray and those who work', it was confined mainly to the division of labour between man and woman and to the simple specialisation of rural handicrafts. In the then conditions of transport, trade was conceivable only in luxury articles of a high value for the benefit of the few; where it existed, it was carried on by outsiders coming from afar, and did not enter into the life of the community as a whole.

Growth of Cities

Through the centuries that followed, improved techniques of production led to the growth of cities, bringing the decay of the small self-sufficient unit and a new division of labour between town and country, the development of international trade, the beginnings of international banking and finance, and then, in the so-called mercantilist age, the consolidation of large potentially self-sufficient national markets. Through the same centuries new conceptions of social relations and social obligations were growing up side by side with the old patterns and gradually driving them out—first the new and revolutionary conception of the enterprising individual who enriches himself in competition with other individuals by providing services useful to the community, then the equally new and revolutionary conception of national loyalties replacing, on the one hand, the old loyalty to the local community and, on the other, the old loyalty to the universal church and empire.

It was not until the nineteenth century, when the industrial revolution brought into operation the hitherto unsuspected and unimagined productive capacities of the machine age, that cheap large-scale mechanical production and cheap mechanical transport ushered in a period of unprecedented specialisation and division of labour, broke through the now constricting limits of national markets, and created for the first time in history a single world economy and single world market whose blood-stream was international trade and international finance and whose nerve-centre was the city of London. The last remnants of the old conceptions of social hierarchy were swept away. The new society was to be a society of free and equal individuals. The dictates of economic morality were henceforth summed up in obedience to the laws of the market; the individual pursuing his own economic interest was assumed to be promoting that of the whole society. Minor local and sectional loyalties were merged in the larger loyalty of the individual to his nation, of the citizen to the state. It was taken for granted that even this loyalty would soon be merged in a still larger loyalty to the whole community of mankind (which was the logical corollary of the single world market) and that the citizen of a single state or nation would be superseded by the citizen of the world.

The nineteenth-century economic society produced its own corresponding political order and political philosophy; and for a lucid summary of them one cannot do better than turn to Macaulay, that unrivalled expositor of the current ideas of his age:

Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its own most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the state. Let the government do this: the people will assuredly do the rest.

In this society of free and equal individuals harmoniously competing against one another for the common good the state had no need to intervene. It did not intervene economically—to control production or trade, prices or wages; and still less politically—to guide and influence

opinion. It held the ring to prevent foul play and to protect the rights of property against malefactors. It was what Lassalle, the German socialist, contemptuously called the 'night-watchman state'.

There is no more fascinating theme in contemporary history than to follow the stages through which the *laissez-faire* 'night-watchman state' of the nineteenth century has been transformed into the planned economy of today. The process was gradual and had begun long before the twentieth century or the first world war. The humanitarian movement which led to extensive factory legislation to protect, at first the child worker and the woman worker, and later workers in general, against extreme forms of physical exploitation, were well under way in Britain in the eighteen-forties. In the eighteen-eighties Herbert Spencer was already fighting a losing rearguard action in defence of the night-watchman state when he listed a number of recent enactments which contravened sound liberal and *laissez-faire* principles: these included measures prohibiting the employment of boy chimney-sweeps, imposing compulsory vaccination, and permitting local authorities to establish free public libraries out of the rates. About the same time Bismarck was sponsoring the introduction in Germany of the first system of compulsory social insurance for the workers, and thus helping to prevent, forty years later, a German Bolshevik revolution. The first social insurance measure in Britain came in the eighteen-nineties, in the form of compulsory insurance of workers against industrial accidents.

Social pressures brought about these enactments in the most advanced industrial countries before any widespread conscious departure from the *laissez-faire* philosophy could be discerned. But they were symptoms of an underlying refusal to accept the continued validity of that philosophy and of the presuppositions on which it rested. The conception of a society where success was, in Macaulay's words, the 'natural reward' of 'industry and intelligence', and failure the 'natural punishment' of 'idleness and folly', was not particularly humane. But it was clear-cut, it was logical, and it was coherent on one hypothesis—namely that the free and equal individuals who competed for these rewards and punishments did, in fact, start free and equal. What ultimately discredited the philosophy which Macaulay had so confidently enunciated was the realisation that the competitors did not start free and equal and that, the longer the competition continued, the less scope was left for freedom and equality, so that the moral foundation on which *laissez-faire* rested was more and more hopelessly undermined. How had this happened? How could the logic of *laissez-faire* lead straight to a system which seemed its opposite and its negation?

New Inequalities

In Great Britain and in the chief European countries, the industrial revolution broke in on a long-standing traditional order based on social hierarchy. The inequalities left behind by the *ancien régime* made impossible anything like a clean start between the competitors. But this flaw, much less in evidence in the new world of America than in old Europe, was not very important. What was far more serious was that the revolution, which purported to wipe out the old inequalities and did in large measure wipe them out, soon bred and tolerated new inequalities of its own. The notion of a society in which individuals start equal on equal terms in each generation is soon tripped up by what seems to be a deep-seated human instinct. However firmly we may in theory believe in an equal start for everyone, we have no desire that our children should start equal with the children of the Joneses—assuming that our greater wealth or more highly placed connections will enable us to give them the initial advantage of better nutrition, better education or better opportunities of every kind. Twenty years ago a school was started in the Kremlin in Moscow for children of high party and Soviet officials. Nobody supposes that its function was to enable these children to start equal with other Russian children. And so, in every society, however egalitarian its principles, inherited advantages quickly set in motion the process of building up a ruling class, even if the new ruling class has not the additional asset of being able in part to build on the foundations of the old. And so it happened

in the industrial society of the nineteenth century; and the story of the industrious errand-boy who became head of the firm and of the lazy son of the former head who became an errand-boy was soon an agreeable myth which took little or no account of the facts of life. But, once this myth was exploded, it carried away with it whatever moral justification had existed for the non-intervention of the state in a society where industry and intelligence were automatically rewarded and idleness and folly automatically punished.

Combination for Profit

Nor did the trouble stop there. What was much worse than any inequality of initial opportunity was the fact that individuals engaged in the economic process obstinately refused to remain individuals. Instead of competing against one another on equal terms for the good of all, they began to combine for their own exclusive profit. Mr. Paul Hoffman, when he was Marshall Aid administrator in Europe, once remarked in a broadcast that there was nothing like competition for keeping business-men awake at nights. I like the picture of American business-men tossing from side to side in sleepless beds, and haunted by nightmares of competition; of course in British social mythology, British business-men play golf and enjoy dreamless sleep. But Mr. Hoffman told only half the story. For three-quarters of a century American as well as other business-men have been thinking night and day about competition. They long ago decided that it was an evil to be got rid of as thoroughly as possible in the branches of industry or trade in which they earned their profits; and since they were intelligent and ingenious men, they have on the whole been remarkably successful in doing so. The nightmare of competition has been replaced by the dream of monopoly. The individual business-man has been ousted by the company, the company by the cartel and the trust, the trust by the super-trust. In this process the sky is the limit; nothing short of monopoly, first national, then in favoured cases international, is the ultimate goal. The general pattern is hardly affected by the survival of a host of small men in out-of-the-way places or in other than key industries; these are now no more than the parasites of modern economic society, directly or indirectly dependent on the big concerns, tolerated in lines of business where no large profits are to be earned and debarred by their isolation from exercising any real economic power. The progressive replacement of the smaller by the larger unit has been the typical trend of economic organisation in our time.

It is an illusion still fostered by that select group of business-men of whom Keynes once said that they 'are generally the slaves of some defunct economist' that monopoly is wicked and inefficient. Every institution has its share of abuses arising from human wickedness. But it would be hard to prove that the abuses of monopoly are more widespread or more wicked than the abuses of competition. Let me quote a recent biography of perhaps the greatest of the American financiers and trust-builders—*The Great Pierpont Morgan*, by F. L. Allen:

By instinct, if not by reason, most business men hate competition . . . A man's competitor is the fellow who holds down his prices, cuts away his profits, tries to seize his markets, threatens him with bankruptcy, and jeopardises the future of his family. . . . It is hardly an accident that most of the Americans who at the beginning of the twentieth century were charged with being monopolists had got a good look in their youth at competition at its savage and unbridled worst, and had decided to do something about it.

I hold no brief for the Pierpont Morgans; but neither do I see anything particularly noble about competition, 'red in tooth and claw'. Nor is the choice today between monopoly and competition, but rather between monopoly and what economists call 'oligopoly'—that fig-leaf which serves to temper the shock of monopoly to a prudish public and to evade ill-conceived anti-trust laws, the system by which two or three powerful groups flourish side by side in the same field on the basis of written or unwritten price-fixing and market-pooling agreements. Oligopoly offers most of the abuses of monopoly without its efficiency. The man who thanks God he is not a monopolist may easily be something worse.

This summary outline is enough to show that contemporary forms of economic organisation, while they are in one sense a direct negation of the *laissez-faire* system, in another sense proceed directly from it. The result of free competition has been to destroy competition; competing individuals have been replaced by monopolistic groups as the economic units. The further, however, this process advances, the more

untenable becomes the conception of non-interference by the state. The philosophy of *laissez-faire* presupposed the free competition of individual employer and individual worker on the labour market. The capitalist system in its heyday offers the picture of a class struggle between two vast power-groups; the state must intervene to bring about that modicum of harmony which *laissez-faire* has so conspicuously failed to produce, and to mitigate the harshnesses of a struggle which, carried to its extreme conclusion, would wreck the foundations of the existing order. Hence, factory legislation, social insurance, wage-fixing and legislation against strikes. The philosophy of *laissez-faire* also assumed that the consumer would call the tune of the economic process, that his word would be law and his decision final. Capitalist reality shows the unorganised consumer, the typical little man of modern society, helpless before the battery of monopoly, price manipulation, salesmanship and mass advertising trained upon him by the highly organised and competent producer; the state must intervene, by price-fixing and quality controls, to protect the consumer against the overwhelming power of organised capital, sometimes supported on this issue by organised labour.

Historically speaking, however, it was neither the need to mitigate the struggle between capital and labour nor the need to protect the consumer which drove the last nail into the coffin of *laissez-faire* capitalism and provoked massive state intervention in every function of the economy. This was brought about by the problem of mass unemployment. The final blow was struck by the series of economic crises culminating in the great depression of the early nineteen-thirties. In orthodox capitalist theory, crisis was the catalyst which purged unsound and unhealthy elements from the system, the regulator which readjusted the delicate balance of supply and demand, the court of appeal which rewarded the industrious and the provident and condemned the foolhardy and the negligent to perdition. It was part of the normal procedure of punishing and expelling the inefficient, and operated as such in the nineteenth century with comparatively moderate results in economic dislocation and human suffering—results which were accepted as the price of a working economic system.

But in the twentieth century both the practice and the theory of periodic economic crises were rejected as intolerable—partly because humanitarian people refused any longer to believe that men who had so brilliantly mastered the secrets of material production were unable to devise some less wasteful and preposterous method of organising distribution. The great organised forces of capital and labour now both revolted more and more sharply against each successive crisis and turned more and more to the state to rescue them from its impact. If the cry for help came even more strongly from the side of capital than from that of labour, this was probably because the capitalists had closer affiliation to the ruling class and more direct and impressive means of access to its ear. The Federation of British Industries and the National Union of Farmers were more effective forces than the trade unions in determining the course of British economic policy in the great depression; when the blizzard struck the United States, it was the bankers, the farmers and the industrialists who turned most desperately and most eagerly to Washington with the plea to come over and help them.

State Support

It was thus the capitalists themselves—the industrialists, farmers and financiers—who, unwilling to see the capitalist theory of the elimination of the unfit applied to themselves, begged the state to save them by laying the foundations of an ordered national economy. They were fully justified in so doing. The structure of industry and finance in the twentieth century had been so firmly integrated and concentrated that its main factors were no longer separable either from one another or from the national economy as a whole. It was unthinkable that a great bank or a great railway, a major unit in the steel or chemical industries, should be wound up for failing to meet its obligations. Far from watching the economic struggle from heights of Olympian aloofness, the state had to step into the ring in the national interest to save the potential loser from being knocked out. No doubt the bankers and industrialists who in the hour of distress invoked state support did not fully realise the implications of their action; no doubt they hoped that the state, having saved them in bad times, would allow them in good times to resume their unimpeded progress in earning profits under the flag of private enterprise. But this was to overlook realities. What had once been done could not be wholly undone: still less could it be expunged from the records or its lessons unlearned. For what had been

clearly demonstrated in the moment of crisis was that the national economy was one and indivisible. The concentration and enlargement of economic units had gone so far that there was now no logical stopping-point short of the nation as a whole—and perhaps not even there. The conception of a national economy had taken root; and by the same token some kind of planning authority had become inevitable, whatever its name and purposes, and through whatever agencies or methods it operated.

The Great Depression

The same broad developments occurred in all the leading industrial countries though with many variations and differences in tempo. They would today be accepted as almost uncontroversial but for the situation in the United States. American capitalism was an exceedingly active and powerful growth which reached maturity considerably later than European capitalism. The first world war, which laid waste the economies of Europe, gave an immense stimulus to American industry. After the war the United States became beyond dispute the leading economic power, and the protagonist in an attempt to restore all over the world the shattered foundations of the capitalist order. The attempt, bolstered by a large-scale revival of international lending under the sponsorship of American banks, foundered in the great depression of the early nineteen-thirties. Though the great depression was in its origin an American crisis spreading across the Atlantic over Europe, its lessons were more fully taken to heart, and more readily accepted as conclusive, in shattered Europe than in the still relatively intact economy of the United States. In European countries, as well as in Great Britain, it became an axiom that another capitalist crisis could never be allowed to occur and that it was a primary duty of the state to prevent it from occurring. Acceptance of this axiom marked the final rejection of the *laissez-faire* philosophy; and the unplanned and uncontrolled capitalist system of the nineteenth century everywhere outside the United States was dead in 1933. In the United States the unrivalled strength of the economy, unravaged by the first world war and its sequel, was sufficient, once the immediate danger was over, to allow of the survival and partial recovery of the *laissez-faire* tradition. Much that was done in the New Deal was never wholly undone. Yet these things were forgotten in the general assumption that the old ship, having shed a little ballast, had successfully weathered the storm, and that the United States was still a stronghold of *laissez-faire* and private enterprise.

It has therefore come about that after the second world war American policy was still publicly and privately committed to the defence of private enterprise and apparently oblivious of the immense inroads that had been made into it, even in the United States. A highly artificial attitude towards capitalism thus came to prevail on both sides of the Atlantic. The defence of private enterprise became a required article of faith of an established church. Many people profess with varying degrees of sincerity to believe in something they no longer really believe in; others sincerely believe in what they no longer practise; most repeat the creed without asking what it means. The performance of these rites does not alter the fact that private, *laissez-faire* capitalism, dead everywhere outside the United States for twenty years, has there too been mortally stricken. Today, in the aftermath of the second world war, the criteria of *laissez-faire* are no more accepted in the United States than in any other western country as a guide to economic policy. The principle of state intervention and control is tacitly admitted; the only difference is in the greater or less efficiency of the intervention and in the greater or less frankness with which the role of the state is admitted. In the first half of 1951 the major issues of American economic policy are price-fixing and wage-fixing; and controversy turns only on the question where to fix them, not whether to fix them. The principle is no longer contested.

At this point two arguments arise which are not very important in themselves but are sufficiently current to call for a brief comment. The first argument rests on a simple syllogism. The United States is a *laissez-faire* country; the United States is the most prosperous country in the world; therefore *laissez-faire* means prosperity. The same argument sometimes appears in a historical rather than a geographical form. The nineteenth century was the century of *laissez-faire*; it was also a century of prosperity; therefore *laissez-faire* means prosperity. The argument is one of those which holds good 'other things being equal'—which, of course, they never are.

The other argument is slightly more sophisticated. It is suggested that the nineteenth-century *laissez-faire* capitalist order was effectively undermined not by the emergencies to which it was exposed but by

the wrong measures taken to deal with these emergencies. What was strangling capitalism, on this hypothesis, was not a process inherent in capitalism itself, but the measures of control, restriction, rationing and planning adopted by governments or individuals in defiance of the true principles of *laissez-faire*. This argument contains an element of purely abstract truth. In theory, if it has been possible everywhere in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties to apply the principle of absolute non-intervention by the state, and if capitalists themselves could have been prevented from combining to protect themselves against the free working of the capitalist system, the economic balance would in the long run have readjusted itself. But such readjustment would have called for an entirely new pattern of world economy, a shifting of centres of production from continent to continent, an intensification of existing inequalities between man and man and between nation and nation, and the unemployment, transplantation or final extinction of vast populations. This fantastic nightmare is a sufficient answer to the plea that there was nothing wrong with the capitalist system, but only with the measures taken by governments—or by capitalists themselves—to interfere with its free operation.

Throughout the above discussion, much has been said about capitalism and something about planning, but nothing at all about socialism. 'Socialism' is a complicated word. Marx used the words 'socialism' or 'communism' indifferently to describe the economic order which would follow the inevitable downfall of capitalism; to the 'anarchy of production' under capitalism would succeed the 'socially planned' economy of 'socialism'. Marx himself distinguished two stages in this process of transition. Later Marxists called the two stages respectively 'socialism' and 'communism'. Since the nineteen-twenties it has been customary to reserve the word 'communism' for the current Soviet regime of planning combined with the methods of the police state, and 'socialism' for attempts in other countries to combine planning with a maintenance of the old principles of democracy as well as with far-reaching social policies of 'fair shares for all'—what is sometimes called 'the social service state' or the 'welfare state'. A sharp line, unknown to the nineteenth century, has been drawn between 'socialism' and 'communism', corresponding to the historical split between the Social Democrats of western Europe and the Russian Bolsheviks. It is in this sense that I shall use the word 'socialism' here; and, so far as British politics are concerned, I shall use it without party implications. It was a Liberal peer who, sixty years ago, coined a famous aphorism: 'We are all socialists now'. Today, the Conservative Party programme has a marked socialist colouring.

Relations between Planning and Socialism

These preliminaries lead up to the question of the relations between planning and socialism. Professor W. A. Lewis has recently written that 'the dispute about planning cuts right across left and right, and has nothing to do with the dispute about socialism'. This is an overstatement of an important truth. In the middle of the last century Marx set out to prove that the capitalist system, in virtue of what he called the 'contradictions' inherent in it, was doomed to self-destruction; the 'anarchy of production' under capitalism would, by this inherent process, be transformed into a socially planned economy. While some of Marx's arguments have been rebutted, some of his prophecies falsified, his main analysis of the impending decline and fall of nineteenth-century capitalism has stood the test of time and experience. But, when Marx assumed rather than sought to prove that the planned economy which would replace the defunct capitalist order would be identifiable with socialism, he made a jump which has not yet been justified by the sequel and about which controversy is still possible.

Every revolution, though it has deep underlying causes, is the product of an emergency. Historically the emergency which hastened the transition from *laissez-faire* capitalism to planning was not social upheaval but war. The motive force behind the change was the demand not for social justice, but for national efficiency (except in so far as it can be said that some measure of social justice is in itself a condition of national efficiency in modern war). The occasion was the first world war, and the country which led the world along the path to planning was Germany. Nor was this an accident. Germany in 1914 was the most advanced capitalist country in the world in the sense of being the country where the national economy was most firmly welded together through a series of trusts and cartels, and above all through the great banks, into a single entity which, side by side with the army and in close alliance with it, dominated the state. The social-democrat Hilferding, in a famous work published in Germany in 1909 under

the title *Finance-Capital*, declared that it would suffice to take over six large Berlin banks in order to take control of the whole of German industry. When war broke out, the framework was already prepared; after more than a year of fumbling and confusion Walther Rathenau, son of the founder of Germany's largest electrical combine, was called to the German War Ministry and built with astonishing ease and celerity the main structure of the German planned war economy.

Planning—but only for War

Before 1914 nobody had clearly recognised that a war economy differed fundamentally from a peace economy. 'Business as usual' was the slogan under which the first period of the war was conducted in Great Britain. But the course of the first world war settled for all time the question of the indispensability of a planned economy for national efficiency in the war. After 1918 this view sank into the consciousness of all parties in all countries and became uncontroversial. Hitler, whose party programme had lost its socialist component even before he rose to power with the aid of the industrialists, was responsible for the next innovation. His introduction of a peace-time planned economy cured the evil of 6,000,000 German unemployed. But Hitler conceived and justified it, not as a social, and still less a socialist, programme, but as a programme of rearmament. From this point onward it became accepted doctrine everywhere that planning could be justified not only by the contingency of war itself, but by the need to prepare for war. The eagerness with which this doctrine has been everywhere accepted is illustrated by the present situation in the United States; measures of economic planning, which would have been vigorously contested if they had been put forward as items of a social programme, win enthusiastic support as necessary contributions to national preparedness for war.

We have thus arrived at a paradoxical position. *Laissez-faire* individualist capitalism—the regime of private enterprise in the true sense of the term—has evolved by an inherent process of development into monopoly capitalism and has provoked and made inevitable the intervention of the state as a more or less directing force in the economic order. This is the system which in its fully developed form is known in English as 'planning', in German as *Planwirtschaft*, and by Marxists as 'state monopoly capitalism'. But this system is confronted by an unexpected difficulty.

The advantage of the *laissez-faire* philosophy of which capitalism in its heyday was the practical expression was that it dispensed with the need to formulate any aim of economic policy. The consoling assurance was offered to the individual that, in promoting his own economic interest, he was equally promoting that of the community. But once the practice and philosophy of *laissez-faire* were abandoned, some purpose had to be defined or at any rate silently assumed which would guide the intervention of the state. Any kind of state control or state planning automatically raises a number of questions which cannot be dismissed with a vague appeal to efficiency. The questions, 'efficiency for what?' and 'planning for what?', become acutely practical; for the answers to them determine our policy. The nineteenth-century capitalist order has been transformed by a process of historical evolution into a system where state intervention and state planning are imperative. What is still uncertain and still controversial is the purpose for which the state still intervenes and plans. It is a tragedy of our generation that the only purpose for which planning is yet universally admitted as necessary and legitimate is the contingency of war. This choice is obviously the simplest. Any kind of planning involves irksome controls; nearly everyone will accept the inconvenience of controls and restrictions in order to make his nation militarily secure and militarily powerful. Moreover, it is the choice which is most likely to appeal to the largest and most powerful groups in industry. Hitler made it at a time when he was under heavy obligations to the big German industrialists and could scarcely have afforded to antagonise them. Then it provides full employment and can therefore be made acceptable to the worker.

The dilemma of this choice is, however, its transient and impermanent character. It is not my task to discuss current rearmament policy. Indeed this lecture was written before this controversy had assumed its present form. Nothing that I have to say is intended to suggest that Britain has at the present time reached the physical or psychological limits of her capacity. But, taking a long-term view, such limits obviously exist—for Britain as for other countries. Neither a war economy nor a rearmament economy provides a conceivable basis for a lasting social order. War itself would not solve the problem—except for those whom it annihilated altogether. Whatever was left

after the war would have to take up over again the planning of a social and economic order directed to some other purpose, and judged by some other criterion, than that of efficiency for war.

If therefore my interpretation of history and my diagnosis of the present and future are sound—and in these lectures I can claim to offer no more than my own interpretation and diagnosis and to show how they are intertwined with one another—then we have reached a point in history where the process of transition from the nineteenth-century *laissez-faire* capitalist order offers us no alternative, short of annihilation in war, to a social and economic order to which we can give the name of the 'welfare state', the 'social service state', or simply 'socialism'. It has often been said that war is a forcing-house of socialism. The same is partly true even of rearmament, since the diversion of scarce resources to purposes of defence will clearly involve a new emphasis on equal distribution of what is left—a policy of 'fair shares for all'. But the essence of socialism resides in the manner in which production is organised, in the purposes which inspire the public control and planning of the economy. You cannot in these days plan for inequality. Once you can no longer explain inequalities either as the salutary result of a natural economic process or as incidentals in an economic organisation primarily designed to prepare for war, then it must become a main purpose of economic policy to eliminate them. This is the political connection between planning and socialism. In theory, they are separable; historically, they spring from different sources. But, once the historical evolution of the capitalist system has made a controlled and planned economy necessary, and once the temporary expedient of planning for war has become obsolete, then to plan for socialism is the only available alternative.

This dilemma also provides the key to another disputed question—the relation between democracy and socialism. Both words are vague and are susceptible of varieties of interpretation. But they are widely accepted as the embodiment of the political and of the economic aspirations of the modern world. It has often been said that the liberty and equality of political democracy are hollow unless they are completed by economic liberty and equality; Babeuf lost his head for saying it first in 1797. So long as democracy remained the political partner and counterpart of *laissez-faire* capitalism, responsibility for the workings of the economic system could be rejected as beyond the reach of the political arm. But, once state intervention in the economic process is accepted as legitimate and inevitable, political responsibility for economic ills can no longer be declined. We have reached a stage when the realisation of Babeuf's dream has become imperative.

Combining Political and Economic Goals

It is this task of combining political and economic goals, of reconciling democracy and socialism, which, after the second world war, inspired the social policies of Great Britain and some of the smaller European countries. The possibility of the attempt to make political liberty compatible with planning for socialism has been challenged from both sides. It is denied by the communists—not indeed, explicitly, but implicitly in the practice of Soviet Russia. It is equally denied by those old-fashioned democrats whose conception of democracy is still rooted in the derelict philosophy of *laissez-faire*. The second challenge is rendered particularly insidious by the current international emergency; for those who denounce planning as incompatible with democracy when it is directed to social ends, readily accept planning when it is directed to preparation for war and apparently see in it no threat to democracy. A body of opinion is thus unconsciously created which justifies planning for war as essential for democracy while it condemns planning for socialism as incompatible with democracy. Yet, in so far as the issue turns on the prospects of democracy, this distinction is fallacious. Experience shows that, whatever the difficulty of reconciling democratic freedoms with socialism, many of these freedoms are immediately vulnerable to war or intensive preparation for war. To reconcile democracy with planning for socialism is a difficult task. It may have been undertaken too late. But it is the only course which may yet enable war to be avoided and democracy to survive.—*Third Programme*

The Yearbook of the Universities of the Commonwealth 1951 has now been published by G. Bell, price 37s 6d. This valuable yearbook, which was first published in 1914, includes entries for all universities and university colleges of good standing in the Commonwealth and not only for member institutions of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth.

Towards 'The Cocktail Party'—II

By HENRY REED

TO travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and I am approaching Mr. Eliot's comedy rather slowly. That is because the journey, rather than its end, is my subject. I have talked a good deal about prose and verse in the drama, but have made only two points. The first is a protest against the simple demand for fine language—for what is sometimes called 'heightened speech', which suggests to me no more than normal language carefully rendered abnormal in the pursuit of beauty or remoteness. The danger of heightened speech is that it may diminish even further the content of drama; and naturally I deplore this, since my second point was that the dramatist is already at a considerable disadvantage compared with the novelist because his words are so few in number. I have stressed the fact of number because the matter has seemed to me intrinsically an economic one.

Shaw as a Still-born Poet

The dramatic progress of Shaw reveals very clearly how comparatively short a way mere distinction of language will take a dramatist, even when it is the expression of a powerful intellect. Shaw has been well described as a poet still-born, and all his seemingly happy troubles as a playwright spring from that. The sort of poet that would have lived in him was the voluble and graceful genius of Shelley; his real literary antecedents are 'The Witch of Atlas' and 'Prometheus Unbound'. But the poetic gift was denied him. Conventionally, he began as a novelist, was unrecognised, and turned to the drama; in both of these arts he sought to disseminate his social and moral ideas, and in his plays at least he succeeded; we may not think the ideas important, but they are there, and always brilliantly developed. He was conspicuously that type of writer, common among prose dramatists, whose ideas precede in some completeness the work of art itself. There is no reason why this should not produce satisfactory results in a prose play: the ideas issue in a plot which the characters demonstrate: this is the condition of farce and melodrama, and Shaw's best theatre is in fact farce and melodrama refined upwards. To say that does not, by any means, wholly capture him. For one thing, his plays are never the rigid demonstrations I may have implied; and his style alone gives him a quality, almost a dimension, that no other prose dramatist in English has. The common complaint against him—that Shaw's characters are all Shaw—really indicates one of his great merits, that musical coherence and wholeness which give the plays their charm and their curiously enduring vitality. However transitory and trivial the subject of the play may be, the incomparable fluency, and the personal wit of the diction bring the play to a point which at least envisages, though it cannot attain it, the poetic coherence of verse-drama. It is the still-born Shelley writing prose.

That is his limit. How far conscious of it he was, we may care to divine from the curious nature of the claim he made for his work. He claimed, not that his plays were masterpieces; but that they were better than Shakespeare. His gibes at Shakespeare were usually couched in affectionate terms, and the affection was genuine. It was the affection for a father-image who he believed had failed him; and under it lies the real feeling that he had failed Shakespeare. The supreme expression of both feelings perhaps lies in 'Cymbeline Refinished', a sublimely naive act of retaliatory mutilation. And it is remarkable how, years earlier, his first attempt at dethroning Shakespeare in the theatre, with the play 'Caesar and Cleopatra', coincides with the emergence of the idea of the Superman in his first form as Caesar in that play.

The idea of the Superman, of creative evolution, effectively sealed Shaw off from the interests and experiences that go to increase the normal writer's range. It was a positive religious belief and it deputised for anything more remorseless in the way of development. It did not break his dramatic habits, it even stimulated them; and in many ways 'Man and Superman' and 'Back to Methuselah' must be considered his major works. But I still get a feeling that a protest at Shakespeare haunts these long works, and accounts for their length. They are a deliberate grandiose effort at greatness, and at a better greatness than

that of Shakespeare; and he alters and enlarges the dramatic vessels on the assumption that if they are made more capacious they are bound to contain more. And beside this we can place the oddest and most self-revealing remark that Shaw ever made about Shakespeare: that he did not like Shakespeare's blank verse 'after the histories'.

For it is the instrument that blank verse becomes after the histories that makes Shakespeare what he is; and for the English dramatist and spectator, Shakespeare's development both before and after that point defines with inescapable insistence the rival possibilities of verse and prose: with four exceptions, his plays are revealing mixtures of both.

It is a favourite pastime of scholarship to make little dramas out of Shakespearean chronology: early history, fantastic comedy, problem period, happy island, and so on: arrangements invaluable in helping us to dispense with thought. It is more to the point—and involves less juggling—if we divide his work into two halves at the theatrical season of 1599-1600, to which Sir Edmund Chambers assigns the two comedies of 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night' and the tragedy of 'Julius Caesar'. The histories had ended in the season before; immediately after was to come 'Hamlet'. In the ten years before 'Hamlet', Shakespeare is accredited with the formidable output of twenty-one plays, only two of which contain the more or less certain admixture of another hand. The development in the relation between prose and verse in that succession of plays is very striking. The earliest plays have very little prose, and what there is automatically reflects the convention that the lower classes shall speak in prose, the upper classes in verse, a distinction often preserved even in interchanges between the two. The first sign of a *thoughtful* use of prose is in 'The Comedy of Errors', where Antipholus and Dromio from Syracuse, whenever they are alone together, distinguish themselves from their Ephesian twins by speaking in prose. This is the sole prolonged use of prose in the play, and is a vivid indication of how strongly effective a change from verse to prose might be to the Elizabethan ear.

The Progress of Shakespeare

By the time of 'Romeo and Juliet', a few seasons later, the conventional distinction has been abandoned in favour of a musical one. The servants do still indeed speak prose; but so on occasion do Romeo and his companions. And the feeling one has is that the prose is a necessary series of relaxations to make more bearable the engulfing of everything in the steadily mounting passion of the verse of the second half of the play, into which the Nurse herself is notably absorbed. 'The Merchant of Venice' begins with a similar alternation; but here there also emerges the first complexity. For the different aspects of Shylock are sharply distinguished by the use of verse and prose; his squalidest moments are in prose; his strength and self-possession in the face of the Christians are in verse. It is technique in the service of a still primitive psychology; and I do not think we can tell at this point in Shakespeare's career whether the technique is the result of a search for a means, or whether it is an accidental discovery issuing from that musical alternation he had tried out before. What we can be sure of is that there is no accident in the next three years.

Those years, for Shakespeare, are years of great public exaction; there is something powerfully moving in the way his passion for learning his art comes through them. The last three histories teach him, and need to teach him, very little. In the double play of 'Henry IV', the Prince, poised between his two worlds, may regard one in prose and one in verse with complete simplicity; 'Henry V' is a heavy appendage executed in the same easy way. It is the three popular comedies of the same period—'Much Ado about Nothing', 'As You Like It', and 'Twelfth Night'—each deeply based in a preponderance of prose, that reveal to him the fundamental nature of what happens when rhythm is applied to language. It is something new in drama when the speech hesitantly clouds into verse for the first time on the mention of Orlando's wronged father; when we are plunged from the exchanges of Beatrice and Benedick into the depths of the Claudio episodes, depths perhaps not plumbed with complete success; or when Malvolio

is suddenly transformed from a clown to a creature of pathetic wounded dignity by the shock of verse. Of the power of *poetry* he had learned much already; he is now learning the point of *verse*, and thereby the way to a poetry infinitely profounder, where rhetorical grandeur and shining beauty are but secondary matters.

'Julius Caesar' is a new beginning. In it he leaps away from England and from prose to a remote scene which liberates his imagination, and to an uninhibited use of verse for the new purposes he was just beginning to divine. Prose almost vanishes; there are only three occasions for it: once, by simple convention, for the commoners; once, by simple cunning, so that Brutus' oration in prose may be obliterated by Antony's in verse; and once, by simple mistake, for Casca. And the new beginning comes to its fruition in 'Hamlet', which has the simplicity of a miracle.

Prose in 'Hamlet'

For with almighty deliberation the prose is put into Hamlet's own hands as the instrument of his self-protection. Consider the overpowering singularity of its use. For nearly a third of the play's great length, a lithe and intense torrent of the greatest verse his age had till then known flows out, until all the major characters and most of the minor ones have been held up for us in its clear illumination; even the garrulous discourse of Polonius, which ten years earlier might have been prose, is kept in verse. And then the three tests are applied to Hamlet; Polonius approaches Hamlet for the first test, with the words: 'How does my good Lord Hamlet?' to which our ears may expect the answer: 'Well, my lord'. But the answer is 'Well, God a-mercy', and with it the scene collapses into Hamlet's prose rudeness and riddling. Polonius retires defeated, and greets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with a line of blank verse as he passes them. This is the second test, and the two youths make the best effort they can to begin it in verse, but they too are defeated and in the long scene which follows, Hamlet's prose circles dazzlingly round them, mockingly revealing what they perhaps have expected him to conceal, and keeping the rest out of reach. And so the scene whirls on through the encounter with the players—with its nightmare glimpse of *their* antique stage-verse, miles away from life and reality—and on again, until he hurries them away, and is alone, and his own verse, his own truth, bursts out of his soul as from an ulcer. The third testing, with Ophelia, is the most powerful of all; for a few moments Hamlet keeps pace with her gentle verse so that we almost hope things will be well between them; but things are not well, and as she lays his gifts before him he turns on her with the words 'Are you honest?'

Only with Horatio will he so far be frank, and the mask is kept up through the play-scene and its consequences. I need not dwell on the overpowering effect of the verse when in his mother's bed-chamber he throws the mask aside and they face each other as they are; nor, much later, the moment of compelled honesty with Laertes in the grave, and the touching sincerity of his later apology. And the juxtaposition of prose and verse in 'Hamlet' is the historic occasion from which we may learn once for all the great lesson about drama: namely, that though valuable functions may be performed by prose, they will always be by subsidiary contrast with those of verse; and that only the presence of rhythm will effect that state of communication from writer to spectator where the limited number of words can be disposed into speech that can bring the density and complexity of character and the progress of psychological action bearably and intelligibly before us.

Our own age, starting from a prose norm, must make a more conscious progress than that of the early Shakespeare. We cannot, to judge from the crude attempts made thereat, approach verse by trying to use it in a prose setting. Dramatists today have to choose one way or the other. And even if, as I hope, new dramatists will choose verse, even if there is general agreement about the superior possibilities of verse, we might still not agree about the form of verse to be used. One thing is certain: it will not be the blank verse of the Elizabethans. Anyone in the nineteenth century who wrote a verse play wrote it in blank verse; I said last week that all the major poets did so, and that they all failed: for in their drama we are conscious of a verse that has, like over-used soil, become too exhausted to produce anything new; and we are also conscious of the inappropriate overtones of earlier ages.

What we may, however, most profitably remark about blank verse is that it was a common norm; and that the need for a common norm seems to have been recognised, instinctively or otherwise. The question is likely to arise: do we need a common norm today? Is it not possible for each dramatist, in accordance with our fine traditions

of individualism and private enterprise, to develop his own form? Theoretically, yes. But in practice it has never been found that a group of dramatists ever existed without some shared form of verse. The reason seems to me a simple one. It is not in fact the dramatists that need a common norm. It is the audience. The audience needs something to put part of its mind at ease with the poet; this is the poet's rhythm, and the more often the audience hears the same rhythm, the more naturally will it take to a theatre in which verse is general. Until this is settled the dramatist cannot hope to be heard. He may be enthusiastically listened to, but he will not be heard.

I think that the problem of writing verse for the stage has been thoroughly solved only once in modern times: that is, in Mr. Eliot's 'The Cocktail Party'. And from immediate reactions to it we have much to learn. First, in varying degrees of subdued triumph, critics have pointed out that this verse is prose; secondly, there have been very few of us who were not a bit disconcerted by the comparatively small amount of intense *poetry* in the play. We had, after all, had 'The Family Reunion', in which there had been great and memorable speeches; it had contained as much fine poetry as one could reasonably expect or put up with in one evening. That is true. But it is also true that 'The Family Reunion' has, like 'Samson Agonistes', at least as much the character of a dramatic poem as of a play. Its fatality—and its undeniable difficulty—is that it still approaches its condition from the same impulse as that of the lyric poet. The author of 'Venus and Adonis' himself had had to unlearn that approach before he could conceive real drama. Anyone who has ever attempted verse drama will know that the high moments of the poetry in it are likely to emerge in an unpredictable and discontinuous way, much as lyric poetry does. The reason for including these moments has, like the place for them, then to be found. It is amazing how much easier it is to find the place than to find the reason. I think that many poets approaching the stage at the moment are still inspired with the prime wish to precipitate lovely verse on to the stage, when what we far more desperately need is a means of direct and powerful dramatic communication.

The verse form of 'The Cocktail Party' is the same as that of 'The Family Reunion'; it is the different attitude of the author that marks the real change. It has always been observable that in both plays there are many passages that could be printed as prose; there is no good in denying this or in insisting that a verse rhythm exists where it does not. Yet Mr. Eliot has printed these passages as verse; the instinct to do so, even if their delivery is barely affected, is a wise one and has involved the realisation or the suspicion that if the thread of rhythm is ever completely lost it may be difficult to move once more up into moments of passion, of whatever kind. But 'The Family Reunion' actually begins with a consciously poetic piece of verse, an overt announcement of a poetic drama. 'The Cocktail Party' reverses this. Not only are the passages of uninsistent verse longer than in the earlier play; the real surprise is that the longest is at the beginning.

I am convinced that no one, without the book in hand, could for the first fifteen pages of the play identify the fact that it is constructed as verse. And then eventually one realises that one is intermittently getting caught up into more concentrated moods of expression; and is relaxed from them, and again caught up. There is nothing as highly wrought as the best passages in 'The Family Reunion'. But there is much that is more subtly wrought. The total effect is to me infinitely more moving than that of 'The Family Reunion', for the chief virtue of 'The Cocktail Party' is that lyric has given way to drama, and the verse has for the first time achieved the state of luminous transparency in which the characters can be clearly seen, and seen 'in depth'; and in which the action can be thus seen also.

The First Step

Things never happen twice in literature in the same way. Blank verse developed from rhetorical declamation to humanity and poetry: in the end it learned how to accommodate and civilise the claims of prose. We seem to be starting from the opposite end: magnificence, if we need it, must come later. The verse of 'The Cocktail Party' is a verse equidistant between prose and poetry and can with equal consistency move towards the state of either. It is worth considering how much of our present dramatic needs this fact fulfils. And it is worth remembering that in literature only when our needs have actually been provided for can we identify what our needs have been. What we seem to have needed here was someone to find out how to take the first step; it has, at last, been taken.—*Third Programme*

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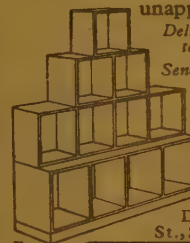
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Round the London Art Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

TO present Festival visitors with an anthology of British painting covering the last twenty-five years is a sensible gesture on the part of the Arts Council. Twenty or so painters with as many pictures allotted to each as the selector thinks they deserve, ranging from a minimum of three to a maximum of nine, ought, at least, to give a cumulative idea of the Britishness of British art.

David Baxendall, who chose them, has done his job with good sense. It is not an impressive exhibition. It was not meant to be. But it is a just one. British art has certain definable characteristics not to be found on the Continent, and here they are, in the New Burlington Galleries—the neatness and the primness and the charm (Ben Nicholson), the love of *objects* for their own sake (Edward Wadsworth), the lyrical intensity (Graham Sutherland), the dark romanticism with an antiquarian twist (John Piper), the more colourful and spontaneous romanticism of an earlier decade (Christopher Wood and Frances Hodgkins), the detailed narrative with a symbolic undercurrent (Stanley Spencer), the icy but expressive draughtsmanship (Wyndham Lewis), the pale, half-mystical search for hidden meanings (Paul Nash)—are all there. Only Matthew Smith stands aloof. His unashamed ripeness and lusciousness make the rest of the show look a little puritanical. Yet without its puritan refinement the English tradition would lose half its queer attractiveness.

The Renoir exhibition at the Marlborough Galleries (45 pictures of all periods) might have been designed as the perfect antidote to the British anthology. And, once the antidote has restored the balance between the extremes of aridity and lushness, the Lefèvre Gallery's 'Géricault to Renoir' should be just what the visitor needs in order to savour the finer shades of difference between French and English painting. Géricault, Corot, Courbet and the Impressionists and Post Impressionists who followed them seem to have little enough in common with each other until one realises that every one of them is free from the besetting weaknesses of English painting and is equally incapable of achieving its profundities.

The Henry Moore exhibition at the Tate Gallery has been prepared by Mr. A. D. B. Sylvester with a thoroughness worthy of the work displayed in it, and his illustrated catalogue, though perhaps a little too fussy in its attempt to divide the carvings and drawings into categories, is a worthy record of the exhibition. Now that Moore is no longer in need of defensive polemics on the subject of 'anatomical distortion', a large retrospective exhibition with a level-headed catalogue designed to clarify his development rather than to explain his intentions (that has been done too often) was needed. Here it is, in three well-filled but not overcrowded rooms, with drawings and maquettes

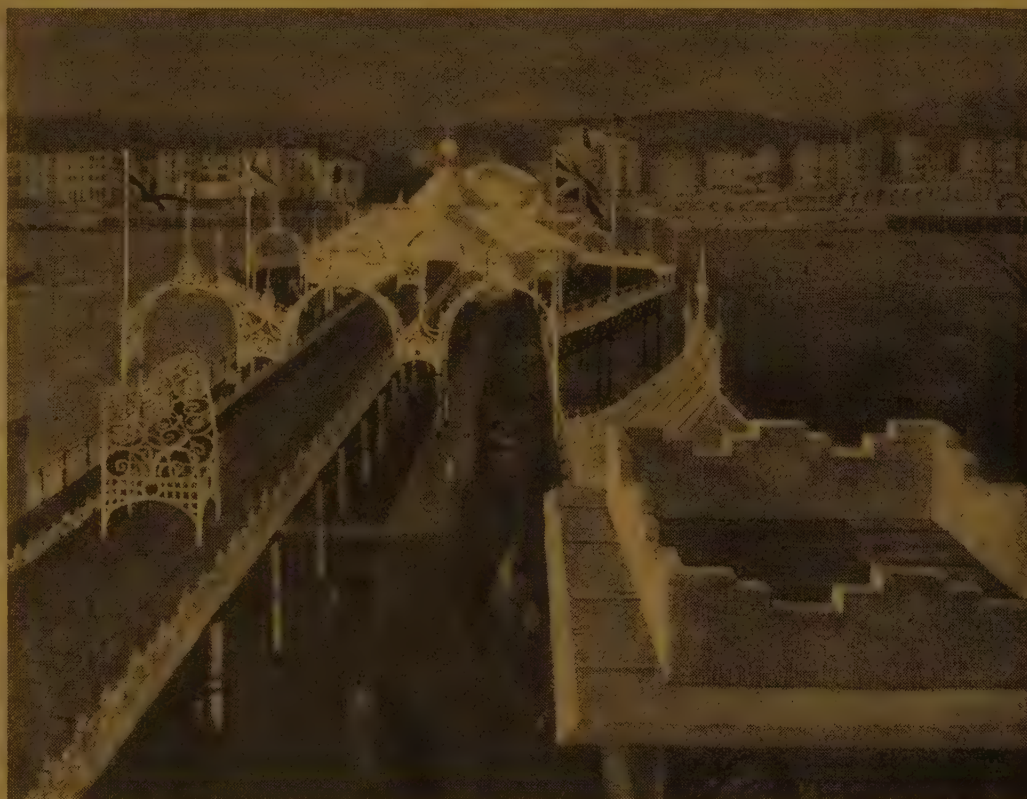
arranged, as far as possible, in logical relationship to the big sculptural statements for which they prepare the way, or out of which they evolve. For Moore works in two ways. Usually he moves slowly, by means of drawing and modelling, towards the solution of a major problem: but sometimes that solution leaves in its wake a trail of ideas—items, as it were, of surplus stock—which he is too conscientious to leave unrecorded.

The drawings, therefore, fall into two groups. There are the interminable jottings that mark a period of gestation, and there are the drawings that are not means but ends. They are usually recognisable because they depict objects seen in an environment, dependent, in fact, on their environment for their full dramatic impact. This is an effect denied to the kind of sculptor who refuses to think of his creations as being related to the space that surrounds them.

An interesting annex to the Tate exhibition is to be found at the Leicester Galleries where some of Moore's most recent sculpture can be seen. His latest experiments are hollow metal

shells, pierced by slits through which the opposite wall of the shell is visible and which not only lighten the surfaces but explain their curvature.

At Burlington House the annual Royal Academy exhibition has opened more unobtrusively than usual. In 1951 this curious exhibition seems remoter than ever before. Exhibitions directly or indirectly related to the Festival of Britain are opening in London and throughout the country almost daily, and all of them add their quota to the Festival's meaning. But Burlington House makes no contribution, yet it contains many good and some excellent things. It is, in fact, the best Academy for years. As usual, it is a vast collection of second and third editions and its improved quality is almost entirely due to a slight shift in the loyalties of the exhibitors. Instead of rooms full of second editions of Manet, there are rooms full of echoes of Bonnard. That was bound to happen. The time-lag between the creative artist and his disciples in the next generation remains fairly constant. Manet has had his innings: Bonnard will set the pace for a decade: after him Burlington house will be foster-mother to a brood of sub-Picassos. The Bonnard model is a little easier to copy than the Manet model. And, since it is based on colour, these second editions make, in the mass, a braver show.



'The Palace Pier, Brighton', by John Aldridge: in the Royal Academy

The first two volumes in Harrap's new series 'Costume of the Western World' have now been published. They are *Early Tudor*, by James Laver (editor of the series) and *Elizabethan and Jacobean* by Graham Reynolds. Each monograph contains eight plates in colour and from fifty to seventy monochrome illustrations, and the price is 10s. 6d.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

W. B. Yeats: the Tragic Phase. A Study of the Last Poems By Vivienne Koch.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

YEATS WANTED TO IMPOSE some order on the intractable material of life; he was addicted to 'systems' and to theorising, as we know from *A Vision* which Miss Koch so aptly calls 'that dubious concoction'. Really, a poem exists only because of the poet's attempt to impose, within the poem, some kind of order on the fragmentary and chaotically diverse elements in life—the order of art. Yeats wrote that the antinomies could not be solved; and in his poems tried to solve them. It is with this attempt at the solution of a conflict, within the *Last Poems*, that Miss Koch is concerned.

She considers this conflict as 'a great irresolution over the paradox of sensuality and the spirit, a problem that held him [Yeats] to the end'. This, perhaps, is as near as one can get to stating in simple terms a complex creative process: not that Miss Koch's approach is in the least degree simple in the analysis she presents of thirteen of the *Last Poems*: she is a critic of subtle and acute perceptions. During the *Last Poems* period Yeats wrote often about his poetry to Dorothy Wellesley; the letters were, fortunately, published. In one of them he wrote 'I have told you that my poetry all comes from rage or lust'. This was probably a personal simplification. However, Miss Koch does see in Yeats' last work the expression of a suffering, in terms that were very largely sexual. And this is certainly true of some of the *Last Poems*, particularly of 'The Three Bushes' and the six 'Songs' which follow it.

Miss Koch has made readings of what she considers the most interesting and the most difficult of Yeats' *Last Poems* with the end in view of making them more immediately accessible both to readers of his poetry and to those who read poetry but do not know the *Last Poems*. Incidentally, her readings, and much of what she has to say in her Introduction, will be of special interest to poets. Her method is to let the poems speak for themselves; to let the particular poem take hold of the imagination as if it were the *only* poem 'at the moment of scrutiny'. This means ignoring the body of Yeats' work for the time of the analysis of any one poem; to 'put a trust in the poem'.

Miss Koch does, inevitably, get side-tracked from this purely empirical method; and refers to *A Vision* and to poems of Yeats' outside her analyses, to elucidate difficult passages. At times she labours her point a little, as in her comments on Yeats' poetic technique in the connectives used in the poem 'An Acre of Grass'; but mostly she is interesting on his technique; she is good on his right syntax and fluency of argument, qualities, as she rightly points out, that he shares with Donne.

Her method yields most, perhaps, from her readings of 'The Statues', 'The Gyres' where she is illuminating on Yeats' theories of the 'mask' and the 'antithetical self', and 'The Three Bushes' sequence. This method is made a little less rewarding for the reader by the fact that some of its findings are given in the Introduction, before the analysis of the poems. One would like to have had Miss Koch's readings of some of the poems of more definite 'rage' in *Last Poems*—satiric poems such as 'The Great Day' or 'The O'Rahilly'. Miss Koch considers the *Last Poems* as springing from a tragic phase of Yeats' life. In his best work before *Last*

Poems Yeats is essentially a tragic poet, if we use the word 'tragic' as involving the idea of necessity or fate, as well as of grief.

A Century of Science: 1851-1951

Edited by Professor Herbert Dingle.
Hutchinson. 15s.

Scientific Thought in the Twentieth Century. Edited by Professor A. E. Heath. Watts. 42s.

Books on popular science and the history of science abound and most of them are well worth reading. Both of these are good and can be warmly recommended to students and informed general readers without reserve. Sixteen men of science, most of them professorial colleagues in London of Dr. Dingle, have essayed, each in his own subject, to portray the broad outlines of a century's progress in pure science. Fourteen men of science have performed a similar office for the science of the past fifty years in the book edited by Dr. Dingle's fellow philosopher, Dr. Heath.

Very wisely Dr. Dingle has not insisted that his team should enumerate all the important advances in their specialist fields. He has left them to single out certain discoveries and to indicate clearly their importance and interest even at the risk of leaving unsaid much that a more formal history must include. He has himself contributed a spirited account, of a philosophical cast, of the significance of pure science at the present time, and admirably contrasts our attitude today towards the statistical laws that seem to operate in the worlds of physics and chemistry with the 'real' causal, Lucretian world of 1851 in which the men of those days implicitly believed. Some readers may be shocked to learn that that particular world is now regarded as not only unknown and even unknowable but slightly absurd. And even if some readers may demur to this they will at least be convinced of the absurdity of regarding, as too often is regarded, a natural law as some kind of a 'command' or a causal connection as necessarily a 'constraining tie'.

On the less philosophical, more factual, aspects of science there are chapters on physical energy, explaining in particular how the sun can keep up everlastingly its energy, on field physics, outlining the Einstein relativity theories, on nuclear theory and on the structure of the atom. In chemistry there are chapters on molecules and elements. Geology, the Earth's atmosphere, the constitution and evolution of the stars, and the structure of the universe, are next surveyed in the book. On the biological sciences there are chapters on organic evolution, giving the present-day view of Darwinism, on genetics and embryology, and on the coming of man and his progress over the years as *homo sapiens*. There are three chapters on the medical sciences and the book ends with accounts of general psychology and medical psychology. A hundred years ago psychology hardly existed as a field of study and not at all as a science. Today it is a lusty and promising field of investigation of immense intellectual interest and of momentous importance to all of us.

Professor Heath's book is so similar in size, range of subjects and method of treatment to Professor Dingle's that a detailed account of its contents need not be given here. The whole hierarchy of the sciences from its base in theoretical physics to such subjects as social medicine and social anthropology receives its

meed. From the expert contributors, all of whom are good, it is perhaps unfair to single out Dr. Richter who writes on neurology, Professor Ayer on the philosophy of science and Professor R. A. Fisher on the science of statistics. Here, as in the other book, are many fine themes for the discerning reader who finds happiness in knowledge for its own sake.

Two points emerge from a reading of these books. One is that mankind cannot afford not to know anything that can conceivably be known, for, although there may be a bad side to knowledge, on the whole the beneficial side greatly predominates. The other is that the scientific ways of thinking, so successful in the investigation of inanimate nature, must now be applied increasingly to man in all aspects, and especially to the study of his mind and character.

Invitation to Moscow. By Z. Stypulkowski. Thames and Hudson. 15s.

At least a portion of the fear which communist Russia inspires in so many people is of a different nature to the fear inspired by potential military enemies, however strong and however well-armed; it is a fear of the *uncanny*. If one analyses this uncanny aspect a little more closely, it would appear to rely chiefly on two components: the Soviet spies who are revealed in the most unlooked-for situations, so that communism seems to be omnipresent; and the confessions of patently untrue acts which are so regularly made by the accused in the demonstration trials staged by the Russians, so that the communists appear omnipotent, with a supernatural power of transforming human beings, as though they were under a spell.

Mr. Stypulkowski was one of the group of sixteen leaders of the non-communist Polish underground who were shanghaied to Moscow prison in the spring of 1945 under pretence of negotiations with the Soviet authorities, and who were then publicly tried in Moscow on the charge of conspiring with the Nazis (whom they had fought for nearly six years) against the Soviets. Fifteen of the sixteen confessed to their guilt, the leadership of Polish underground was effectively discredited in the eyes of much of the world, and opposition to the communist seizure of power in Poland rendered impotent. Even Mr. Stypulkowski's obduracy was turned to propaganda account by the Soviets; the fact that he was allowed to plead innocent made the admissions of the other fifteen seem more probable and gave the trial an appearance of legality by Western standards.

The communist technique for breaking prisoners is basically a very simple one, though not the less horrifying for that: it is exhaustion, exhaustion of the body by lack of sleep and lack of food, and exhaustion of the spirit by endless interrogation—Mr. Stypulkowski was interrogated 141 times in 71 days—by sudden alternations of hope and fear, by isolation and despair, by emphasis on the prisoner's complete impotence until resistance seems pointless and the only hope of surcease acquiescence. The prisoner is made to talk, to talk endlessly, and any inconsistency, any evasion is exploited to the full. The Russians—Soviet and Czarist alike—have never distinguished very clearly between wish and deed, between intention and action; and disloyal thoughts are treated as though they were disloyal actions, and then explored and elaborated in exhaustion and isolation until the bemused prisoner is convinced that what may have been his fantasies were actions. He signs his confessions, and the exhaustion lessens;

should he retract the pressure increases again; until eventually he will recount in open court as true the statements endlessly rehearsed in endless stupor.

For the Great Russians confession has always played a major role; and in the contemporary setting these public confessions serve as a cautionary tale to the rest of the population and emphasise the Communist Party's assumed omniscience and omnipresence. If there is no confession these claims are called into question; and it is for that reason that Mr. Stypulkowski is unique. As his prosecutor said 'It will be the first time since the Soviet Revolution that a defendant, who is to be tried in the Supreme Court of Justice in the U.S.S.R., has not pleaded guilty. Do you think you are acting wisely?'

Mr. Stypulkowski's survival probably ultimately depended on the fact that he had to be brought into court with the rest of the defendants and that it was considered necessary that the trial should coincide with Prime Minister Mikolajczyk's negotiations in Moscow. The personal qualities which allowed him to stand out so long were probably his training as a lawyer, the steeling of his body and mind during nearly six years of active underground warfare, and the contempt which he, as a Pole, felt for the Russians. Even with this armour he was near to despair; he regained hope when his interrogator admitted to exhaustion himself. He realised, as probably few others would have done, what this momentary admission signified.

The first half of the book recounts the author's experiences in the Polish underground, with the admixture of nobility, tragedy, and futility which seems so characteristic of Polish political activities; the second part his imprisonment, interrogation and trial. It is this second portion which makes his book essential reading for anybody who wishes to understand the contemporary scene; it contains more suggestive information than can be subsumed in a review. The study of his cell-mate, Colonel Umnov of the Soviet army, imprisoned for being a spy because of his liaison with a gypsy girl and convinced that his conviction was just, because the Party cannot make a mistake, is one of the most valuable pieces of evidence concerning the mentality of the loyal Soviet citizen which has yet been published, the more revealing because told as a mere incident; despite the discretion which casts veils over much of the actions of his fellow-Poles, the book gives the impression of being as truthful as is humanly possible under the grievous circumstances which make memory the sole source of information.

Caesar: The Conquest of Gaul

Translated by S. A. Handford.

Penguin Classics. 2s.

The subjugation of Gaul by the Romans in the space of seven years was a most notable feat of arms, and Caesar's account of his marches, battles, and sieges, though hastily put together for propagandist purposes, is worthy of a great general and a magnificent army. Those who look back with loathing or affection to the schooldays when they ploughed through the Gallic Wars, word by word and clause by clause, may well be startled by the sweep and momentum of the narrative. There is, it is true, a certain monotony in the unbroken series of Roman successes, and Caesar's impersonal objectivity can be chilling; but the overwhelming impression remains of a formidable-fighting machine brilliantly and ruthlessly directed in a campaign whose victorious outcome was never seriously in doubt.

Caesar is a master of the simple style. 'Avoid an unknown and unusual word as you would a rock' is his precept and practice. It might, at first sight, seem easy to turn such simple Latin

into simple English. But it is, in fact, all but impossible to transfer the bite and incisiveness of Caesar's prose into modern English, where words have lost their cutting edge through overmuch use and abuse. Mr. Handford is accurate, resourceful and accomplished, and at his best does convey something of the tautness and asstringency of the original Latin; but much is inevitably lost.

The introduction and notes are helpful and informative, though more stress might have been laid on Caesar's failure in his expedition against Britain. The scale of the effort and the size of the forces deployed suggest that he planned the conquest and permanent occupation of most of the island, and, if so, he fell very far short of success. The description of Caesar as temperate in his personal habits would have been read with a smile by his enemies, and probably by himself.

Hilaire Belloc. An Anthology of his prose and verse, selected by W. N. Roughead. Rupert Hart-Davis. 15s.

There have been two or three recent anthologies of Hilaire Belloc's writings, but the one that Mr. Roughead has made has some special characteristics which will make it particularly acceptable. It is more personal than the others, reproducing a number of excellent portraits which his admirers will like to possess, unfamiliar pictures of him as he was at the height of his powers forty years ago, or in his boats sailing the sea. There is the music of some of his lyrics. And there are two of Mr. James Gunn's well-known portraits, including the conversation piece of Belloc, Chesterton and Baring.

For his selections Mr. Roughead has made extraordinarily effective use of less than three hundred pages, into which to distil some of the essence of a hundred volumes, and nearly fifty years of unflagging literary output. *The Path to Rome*, *Hills and the Sea*, the *Cruise of the 'Nona'*, all have large sections. There are adequate selections from that earlier writing on the French Revolution, in which Mr. Belloc first showed the depth and fire of his prose. There is a great deal of the poetry, both the serious and the comic: while from a dozen volumes of essays and sketches, it has been very easy for Mr. Roughead to make a rich bouquet, after the other anthologists have come and gone. It is hard to see how the younger generation could have been given a better introduction to one of the great writers of the time just before their own, or could have their appetite whetted better for reading these books in their entirety.

What is under-represented, and rightly sacrificed, is the political writing, which now dates, because the Edwardian plutocracy which looked so impregnable when Mr. Belloc went out against it, now has to be recovered by a great effort of the imagination; and much that he had to say then, and was so absorbed in saying, has no message for a collectivist age. But the publicist and the journalist never stifled the poet and the writer, and it is this abounding creative vitality which an anthology can reflect and display with concentrated force. The two great strands in Mr. Belloc's composition, the seeing eye which he inherited from his French grandfather, a well-known painter whose work used to hang in the Louvre, and the urgent concern with the *Res Publica* which he inherited from his English grandfather, the Birmingham Unitarian and Radical of the great Reform Bill and the Reform Club, mingled and helped each other most in the historical work, the power of graphic and memorable presentation of great scenes and events; and it was in these fields that Mr. Belloc's extraordinary variety of gifts found most scope for performing as an orches-

tra. The colours retain all their freshness, and some of this historical writing seems as likely to endure as his essays and his verse.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. Revised and Enlarged Edition by L. F. Powell. Vols. V and VI. Oxford. 63s.

After the manner of standard legal textbooks, which appear in revision after revision, we foresee that the great work of which the two concluding volumes are before us will be called 'Powell's Birkbeck Hill's Boswell'. Its completion is an important event. It is no less than sixteen years since vols. i-iv, containing the *Life*, appeared. Of these two new volumes, vol. v contains the *Tour to the Hebrides* and the *Journey into North Wales*, and vol. vi the index, the table of anonymous persons, the bibliography, and errata. This bald statement conveys no idea of the massive quality of Dr. Powell's achievement.

Birkbeck Hill's edition was remarkable enough. Published well over half-a-century ago, before the great flood of Johnsonian research and of Johnsonian and Boswellian discoveries had begun to flow, Hill is nevertheless found by his successor to have been constantly right, not only in his text, but in his conjectures, where conjecture was his only resource. But since his time so much new knowledge has become available that even he was bound to be superseded. Yet Dr. Powell has shown not only an admirable *pietas* towards his forerunner, but a consideration for those who will refer to 'Hill' or to 'Powell's Hill', by so planning his work that the pagination of the text remains the same.

But Birkbeck Hill's work on the *Life* was more impeccable than that on the Scottish and Welsh Tours. Of the latter he was not aware of the existence of the original manuscript in the British Museum; and for editing the former, not only was the manuscript journal, since found and published, still *perdu* at Malahide Castle, but he did not go over the ground himself, as Dr. Powell has, or acquaint himself with the abundant Scottish traditions elucidating the *Journal*. Dr. Powell has done all this, and can claim 'There are now no cruxes in this text for Dr. Chapman to solve'.

The final volume is largely occupied by the index to the whole of the preceding five volumes, and filling, as it does, 417 double-columned pages, it will be realised that it is a massive work of scholarship in itself, for in such work, whatever the popular idea, there is little that is mechanical. Birkbeck Hill's index was a fine performance, but, what with the mass of new knowledge that has accrued since his time, and notably from the collections of Boswell's papers found at Castle Malahide and at Fettercairn House, and what with new and improved arrangement, Dr. Powell's index must rank with the very greatest.

The index, itself thus in part a new work, is followed by one entirely new. Boswell's discretion, due to very various motives, led him to allude to persons living when he was writing by periphrases, often of the most clumsy, and sometimes of the most transparent, nature. Thus 'an impudent fellow from Scotland' we hardly need to be told was James Macpherson; and 'a noted infidel writer', if not Gibbon, must have been (as he was) Hume. But 'a writer of deserved eminence who had a love for mean company' was perhaps not so obviously Tom Warton: and many identifications of persons thus anonymously mentioned are not obvious at all, but are proved from Boswell's newly found papers, assembled by the energy and devotion of Colonel R. H. Isham, and now preserved at Yale. Of these obscurely mentioned persons Dr.

Powell tabulates no fewer than 573, of whom he identifies a very large proportion; and this is an entirely new contribution.

The discoveries of the last three-quarters of a century have wrought a curious shifting of emphasis, well illustrated by a comparison of

Powell with Hill. To Hill's generation, though rather less so than to those before him, Johnson was Johnson, Boswell an odd sort of hanger-on who somehow wrote a book of genius. T. Dr. Powell's generation, while Johnson remains Johnson, somewhat clearer to us, Boswell has

become Boswell, a figure with feet of clay indeed, but well worthy of study in his own right. So ends a work that has taken its editor a quarter of a century; but seldom, if ever, has a classic of literature been produced in a form that is such a classic of editing.

New Novels and Short Stories

Maura. By Huthi Singh. Constable. 12s. 6d.

This Was The Old Chief's Country. By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.

Star Quality. By Noel Coward. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

A Dog's Head. By Jean Dutourd. Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

The Chips Are Down. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Rider. 8s. 6d.

MAURA, the work of a writer who is new in the best sense of the term, is a novel with more than one theme. In the first place it is the story of Ritha, the daughter of an Indian magistrate, who is neglected by her parents. She runs away with a man who promises her marriage, and sells her instead, for twenty-eight rupees, into the unofficial but well-regulated harem of a youthful Rajah. At their first meeting the Rajah tramples on her hand, and is tempted to kick her. After a few more meetings he is meditating marriage. Ritha becomes rani. The harem is abolished. So much for a simple plot. But then *Maura* is also the story of Maura the eunuch, impassive president of the harem. 'For Maura words were not in the fact of life. Nor were acts'. His mind is 'dead to the probing of thought and speech, yet emergent through silence, through nullity'. In a novel, which must be articulate, he is an impossible figure. Yet his presence is very real. His purpose, in the mind of the writer, is not so certain. Clearly he is not the centre of the book. I suspect he is meant to be its circumference. If so, the circle is incomplete, there is a break somewhere between intention and significance. But there is no break, no lapse in the vitality of the writing. The plot may suggest a sophisticated fairy tale, but the book itself is a prolonged and wary encounter with the absurdity of reality.

The narrative unfolds with all the surprising ease of inflorescence, unveiling first the life of a Rajput village, and then the heart of the harem, where life, it appears, is very much like that of a convent, only duller. The concubine sits in her cubicle mending her chemises, staring at the pigeons in the courtyard, musing on a few past minutes of royal favour. From the harem we move back to life in the outside world where the levitating heat evaporates vital decisions, dissolves solid problems, and gives unconquerable force to a caprice. Throughout these changes the writing is confident, and watchful at a variety of levels. A man looks at a crowd and his eyes dart about 'like a needle sewing them up in gathers'. Or Rajah Hanut looks at his devoted wife and sees in her face the 'stricken, self-conscious look of an acquiescent, much-kneaded pillow'. Or again, 'Tears, convulsive tears, raise no particular emotion. It is like someone taking a loan from you by force'. Yet the writing is never over-artful or demonstrative, and it gives a continuous sense of living. The characters exist in themselves and in their relations with each other: Hanut and Ritha, the puzzled and passionate lovers; Anvar, the engaging pimp, and his cast-off intimate Karka; even a Mrs. Dikker Row, a minister's wife who 'sells' her husband to the rani for an emerald necklace. Not one of them is a type, an author's abstraction. *Maura* is altogether a most engaging work, and if it is a first novel it bears no stigma of immaturity. Even if its mixture of mischief and earnest upsets the sense of values in some readers it will be doing them a necessary service.

Stylisation, a deliberately original approach, is often a principal feature of the short story today. However right it may be on occasion, it would be a mistake to consider it an essential. In Doris Lessing's stories of South Africa, where she was brought up, the approach is certainly not stylish. At moments it may seem amateurish. Yet one trembles to think what a really professional writer, a Bates or a Greene, would have made of the atmosphere and background of these stories. As it is, there is no artificially generated atmosphere at all, no theatrical division between figures and backcloth. The writer's theme is in the first place 'a slow, intimate dance of landscape and men, a very old dance whose steps I could not learn'; super-imposed on this, the theme is that of a country possessed and profitably exploited by a race of settlers who have never dared to understand it.

Evil, slowly discovered, is at the root of all these stories. The sense of evil has become a notorious qualification with some writers. One can watch them at work, laying it on with all the solemnity of an undergraduate tarring a public monument. But in the present case the evil is omnipresent, never self-confidently placed or defined, never stated as an accusation. It merges in the spectacle of a lame roebuck being eaten alive by a swarm of black ants; in the visit of a child to an aged native chief in his kraal, a visit which is followed by the incidental removal of the kraal from government land to a native reserve; or in the solitude of two men and a woman in the fastness of their mountain farm, the woman, wife to one of them and concubine to both, realising that they care more for each other than they ever can do for her. The writer has a solid, creative, and surprised sense of character, and, though there are hesitations, she never does the obvious thing. The stories do not add up to an autobiography or a case-book. They are more an exposure of human nature than of South Africa. They are, of course, unequal, and one or two are hardly more than anecdotes, but every one of them is an extension of range, and unlike most volumes of short stories, this one indicates no set limits.

The author of *Star Quality* renews his limits, and from a new vantage point surveys his own particular range with all the tolerant amusement of the oldest habitue. In a style clipped but not concise he has written half a dozen stories whose simplicity of import contrives to be not at all at odds with a certain expertness of manner. The stories are about a spoiled boy from Southsea who becomes a world-famous film star, and returns in triumph to Southsea to meet his mother's private disapproval; about a successful actress's encounter, twenty years after, with her first handsome seducer, now rather prematurely reduced by age to a comic state of undesirability; about a battle royal between a theatrical queen and her director; about a panic-stricken air-trip to Jamaica; about the twilight of British rule, during the war, on a lonely South Sea island.

The stories belong to the kind which is supposed to have a sting in the tail. I think the choice was in every case mistaken. The sting in the tail proves rather to be a slow puncture; it confirms what one had sadly suspected for some time. My favourite among these stories would be that in which the author once again confronts the Union Jack, adjusting himself with a stiff upper lip to a slight alteration in its prestige across the years. The heroine, musing on her life as a settler in the Fijis and as British Resident on Cowrie Island, decides that her life has been quite a story itself 'when you came to think of it. If you could write it for a magazine, put it down clearly without having to worry about spelling, or keep on stopping to think of the right words'. It was really kind of Mr. Coward to write it all down, and his spelling is perfect.

To write an imaginary biography of a man born with a dog's head suggests a kind of party game; and despite the painstaking intelligence of the writing, it seems to me that Jean Dutourd's short novel never really rises above the spirit of an exercise. It explores and slightly labours all the points of the problem: Edmond du Chailu's childhood, alternately pitied and hated by his parents, alternately a terror and a butt to his schoolmates; his career in the army, his relations with dogs, his relations with women; his delight in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, his discovery of Anubis; all these are neatly calculated but no more than that. A tale of this kind should have a trend, and no doubt one is meant when Edmond exclaims: 'There's no one like me. The proof of it is that men have to bare their very souls before they can reach me'. I could discern no laying bare of souls, but a good deal of rather commonplace cynicism instead. Where it should be invested with rage or charity, the writing is merely touched with a bitterness which is more inherent in the theme than in the treatment.

The Chips are Down is written in the form of a film scenario, and has already been filmed. The form has economy to commend it, and might be considered and adapted by a great many novelists, with profit to the reader. Unfortunately, in the present case it is doubtful whether Sartre's theme was worth the expense of economy. The scene is set in a fictitious metropolis which is unmistakably Paris. A rich young woman is murdered by her husband. This sequence is pure Mauriac. A Resistance leader is murdered by one of his subordinates. This sequence is pure Sartre. The two shades meet, *en flânant*, go to a glorified Milk Bar in the Orangerie and fall in love. It is a surprise to learn that in Sartre's view of the after-life, love has a certain option against death. The lovers are given a twenty-four hours' reprieve in which they have to prove the purity of their love. Need it be said that they fail to prove it? *The Chips are Down* might, I suppose, be described as Sartre's *Dear Brutus*. Whatever view one may take of Barrie, Sartre's essay is immeasurably inferior.

DAVID PAUL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Appeal to Sadism?

'Vic's GRILL', where all the songs, dances, jokes, and sketches are played against the same background of a seedy little cafe, with Vic himself leaning over the beer counter, is the most Aristotelian of television's variety entertainments. Those Renaissance critics who regarded the unities of time and place with reverence would on this account give 'Vic's Grill' high marks. I have no objection whatsoever to this, for, despite the jeers of the romantics, the concentration of action into a single scene and period does undoubtedly heighten dramatic effect.

But what at the moment interests me about 'Vic's Grill' is not its, doubtless accidental, observance of some of the classical virtues, but its sharp presentation of the question of cruelty, or the semblance of cruelty, in the world of entertainment. On the last occasion on which I watched 'Vic's Grill', a considerable part of the television time allotted to it was consumed by a comedian who has some striking talents. For various reasons I shall not mention his name. He has joints that wobble at the least provocation, and precipitate him in a helpless heap upon the floor. He has a voice that easily and often ascends into a painful whine. He has an assistant who knocks him about, throws him on to the ground, pulls him up again, limp and collapsed, and, whilst he is hanging desolate and afraid, roughly hits him on the face. All the time this comedian is whimpering in an inarticulate voice, like a mental defective vainly trying to plead with a group of heartless children who are

deliberately tormenting him.

Many years ago I went to an Association football match in Barnsley. At that time the Barnsley ground adjoined a rabbit coursing field. As I came away from the game, from behind a high, stone wall, I heard the terrified squeal of the rabbit as the dogs caught it. I would rather spend another night in a bombarded city than hear that squeal again. It was very like the noise made by the comedian in 'Vic's Grill'.

It is inaccurate to suppose that cruelty has never been accepted



Scenes from three plays televised in the past fortnight: 'The Tempest', televised in 'For the Children' on May 10, with, left to right, Godfrey Kenton as Prospero; Julian Somers as Caliban; and Carole Marsh as Miranda



'Saint Joan', by Bernard Shaw, televised on May 6, with, left to right, John Benson as Canon de Courcelles; Edmund Willard as the Executioner; Constance Cummings as Joan; and Martin Starkie as Brother Martin Ladvenu (the young monk facing Joan)



'The Bishop Misbehaves', televised on May 8, with, left to right, Mary Jerrold as Lady Emily; Denys Blakelock as the Bishop; Alec Gunn as Red Eagan (on floor); Cyril Conway as Collins (on stairs), and Ronald Howard as Donald Meadows (extreme right)

friend says, a powerful symbol of the tragedy of humanity. The bull fight, in this view, is the artistic manifestation of that passage in Hardy where the President of the Immortals finishes his sport with Tess. My other friends do not share this attitude. They say, briefly and firmly, that a bull fight is a degrading, vicious, revolting, and evil sight.

It may be said that there is no true comparison between the scene in 'Vic's Grill' I am discussing, and a bull fight. On the one hand, nobody could possibly maintain that the misery of this poor, bullied comedian had any majesty or grandeur about it. On the other, the cruelty in the bull fight is real. The bull suffers, and the matador may suffer, too. But in 'Vic's Grill' the cruelty is only simulated. It is to be compared rather with those stage properties which Miss Marchette Chute, in her excellent *Shakespeare of London*, tells us were part and parcel of the Elizabethan theatre. Atrocious scenes, says Miss Chute, were always staged with great care in the Shakespearean drama. It is probable that Burbage and his

(I do not say acceptable) element in entertainment. There used to be gladiatorial shows in ancient Rome; there are bull fights in modern Spain. I have never seen a gladiatorial exhibition, nor has any of my friends. I have never seen a bull fight either; but four of my friends have done so. One of them tells me that it is a deeply moving experience. The rushing, charging bull, doomed to destruction, controlled by the statuesque matador into a kind of terrible ballet, is, so this

companions had dummy heads 'carved with the living actor as a model, and then realistically coloured. A head of this kind could even be made to bleed if a little dough kneaded with bullock's blood was pressed against it and made to look like part of the dead flesh'. The actor who represented a character killed in a duel would wear a small bladder of blood that would spurt out when the sword touched it.

This, then, was the Elizabethan theatre, the greatest theatre we have ever known. I confess that it distresses and horrifies me. This frank appeal to sadism and cruelty seems to me frightening and disgusting. It still seems to me frightening and disgusting even in the weakened form in which we see it in 'Vic's Grill'.

The problem of television variety appears intractable. Radio has developed its own comedians, some of whom have astounding popularity. Television has tried to do the same, and it has failed. It has taken stage comedians

like Charlie Chester and Vic Oliver. In each case, the result has been disappointment. Is there any inherent hostility between the television medium and light entertainment? No such hostility has been found in the United States, where television comedians rival the hydrogen bomb as a topic of household conversation. What has been done in America can surely be done here. But we begin to despair.

HAROLD HOBSON

BROADCAST DRAMA

Dolling up the Bard

LET US LOOK a little closer at the 'Macbeth' I briefly saluted last week. It was a Festival offering (what, these days, is not?). It was also suitable enough, being designed for the common man like the Festival itself; in short a popularisation, or, if I can take a simpler word, a vulgarisation of a great play, described here as 'the old celtic legend of a noble mind diseased with ambition' which set us all thinking of that other supreme vulgarisation of Shakespeare, the film Hamlet which was 'the story of a man who couldn't make up his mind'. This production by Raymond Raikes also pleaded—or even perhaps prided itself—that it was 'a radio interpretation'.

As one who has campaigned for a true use of the medium and also for intelligibility in Shakespeare (at almost any cost), I ought, I suppose, to have been pleased. For certainly the Bard was here given the works; there was, quite apart from anything else, Donald Wolfitt, who is perhaps the best of our romantic actors, potentially at least; he can and did send glacial shudders and thrilling discharges through many a phrase. Sometimes these were concessive clauses or some line which, of all the lines in the speech, least needed such treatment, but the intention was kindly, at all events. Even at his least impressive, one listened to Mr. Wolfitt listening to Mr. Wolfitt and we were all very pleased together. Then there was Catherine Lacey reminding us in one breath that the age of Mrs. Crummies is not past and in another that this was *radio*, so that quite a few enigmatic inflections were all in order.

Mr. Raikes, in the name of the radio muse, took leave to play about with the scene sequences (brilliantly managed in the original) and—worse—with the rhythm of the dramatic tension within the scenes themselves. Can one plead—as one had to in the case of the Hamlet film—that Shakespeare probably knew best? No, or you will be told that Shakespeare didn't understand about radio. But the fact is that, whether he did it consciously or unconsciously, half Shakespeare's dramatic power is the direct result of the rhythm and—to use a term from music—the 'phrasing' of his scenes. Cut a line, extend a line with a name (for the sake of showing who's who), make a break other than the place where the Globe Theatre players obviously made a break and, nine times out of ten, you wreck the effect; just as you would if you played similar tricks on a sonata by Mozart. So there we were up against the old problem; would you rather have vulgarised Shakespeare which all may appreciate or loyal Shakespeare which runs the risk of alienating the middlebrows?

Of course, it was much less trying than the film; there is not the temptation to illustrate for us what the words are sufficiently explaining already (e.g. Jean Simmons as Ophelia floating awash down stream to the words of Gertrude's lament). The words in Shakespeare, provided you know who is speaking them, can do it all. I hope when television really tackles the problem, it will seize this chance; for the little figures of television (not in close-up) might surely

stand in rather the same relation to the audience as the players at the Globe.

I listened again to 'Asmodée', in penitent mood, having been taken to task by a correspondent for what he considered a disingenuous review, which at worst misinterpreted the role of Coûture, who should be thought of, I was told, as a spoiled priest whose power to harm and its failure are the essence of the drama; at best a review from the school of criticism which says 'Oh yes, I daresay! But it's much less good than Cicely Courtneidge—so it's no good at all'. But I am not made any happier in this knowledge by that final line. Mme. Barthas and Coûture are to settle down, without illusions, for the rest of their natural, is it? Here indeed are good companions Uncle Priestley wotted not of.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Matter of Course

MY ATTITUDE to the B.B.C. resembles that of the old lady to her lending library. 'No, not stories or essays', she says to the assistant. 'What I want is a nice novel—a long one'. 'Any particular kind of novel?' 'No; anything will do so long as it's a nice one'. It is the same with me. These single broadcasts are all very well, but what I really like is a serial. It has to be a *nice* one, of course, but, given that, I leave the rest to the B.B.C. Any subject will do. And I agree with the old lady that length is a great advantage. It enables you to settle down at regular intervals to something in which you have become immersed; it also enables you in this way to establish a comfortable routine.

At the present time no less than three new series, all of them nice ones and all running to six instalments, require my punctual attention. Last week Bertrand Russell began a series on 'Living in an Atomic Age', J. B. Priestley a course of weekly observations called 'The Spur of the Moment', and in the previous week E. H. Carr started 'The New Society', the first two instalments of which would have shown me once again, if further proof had been needed, how wise I and my old lady are not to mention subject when stating our requirements. For subject, as we have long since discovered, has little to do with our appreciation of a book or broadcast.

Mr. Carr, for instance, had no difficulty in seizing and holding my interest in spite of the fact that I am, more often than not, bored by such subjects as politics, economics, and even history. He presents his argument with an absolute clearness and a liveness that turns the task of following it into a pleasure. And to me he brings yet another pleasure, the pleasure of being convinced. How much this is due to his skill and learning and how much to my innocence I am not in a position to judge, and so it is fortunate that my job is to appraise, not his history, but his delivery and style of writing—in other words his broadcasting. He is an excellent speaker on the air and he has a telling way of criticising a political theory not in so many words but merely by stating it in humorous terms. Especially illuminating for me were his remarks on the true meaning of the word 'history' and its frequent misuse and also his observations on the nature and method of history-making.

There is no better broadcaster than Bertrand Russell and whether any broadcasters are as good is merely a matter of taste. His voice, one would say, was specially created for the microphone and the pungency and wit of his style powerfully suggest the presence and character of the absent speaker. He was at his best in his first talk last week in which he discussed the

perplexities and fears which beset us today; 'and yet', he said, 'man has only to will to be happy, and he can be so'. Lord Russell promised to point the way to this desirable state in his later talks.

Mankind has the curious habit of inventing words and then deliberately undermining their meaning. If I were to describe Mr. Priestley's 'Spur of the Moment' series as sermons or pep-talks, it would at once be assumed that I wished to crab it; and yet it is both, in the good and obsolescent sense of these words. Nowadays people seem to regard it as a matter of conscience not to enjoy the good things of life or at least to pretend not to enjoy them. Mr. Priestley, on the other hand, is all for good things and the enjoyment of them, even if they entail some extravagance. I heartily agree with him.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Festival Music

WHATEVER THE DEFECTS of the Royal Festival Hall—and they are not inconsiderable—it certainly makes an excellent broadcasting studio. The clarity of texture which seems excessive when one is face to face with the orchestra, makes its effect also on the air. But something happens in the process of transmission to soften the hard edges of the individual sounds and to create a sense of well-blended tone. The basses, too, sound less raw than in the hall, though I still thought that the recitative and the first statement of the great tune in the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony lacked the ideal rich roundness of tone. But that may have been the players' fault; one cannot be certain of that until one has heard some other orchestra under the same conditions.

Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was condemned by the unimaginative policy of the concert-promoters obsessed with the Toscanini-complex, to this repetitiveness, had a more enterprising programme on the Sunday night. Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony, the solitary post-war composition in all the programmes of the 'inaugural concerts', was here anatomised for us as never before. We could perceive all the nerves and arteries through which its life flows to create the sense of energy and full-bloodedness—or almost all, for oddly enough in the slow, hushed Epilogue one point of special beauty for which I always look, failed to make its effect—I mean the entry of the harp with the theme augmented. Indeed, throughout this movement there seemed to be an imperfect balance and an uncertainty in the dynamics. This was the only fault in a remarkably vivid and quite individual performance, which showed the great work as susceptible to various interpretations of detail without loss to its overall design.

We still had to look last week elsewhere than to the Festival Hall—though now that it is thrown open to all comers we may hope for greater interest there in future—for the unfamiliar and the up-to-date. Sir John Barbirolli, happily restored to his activities and apparently in as good form as ever, provided these desirable elements in a studio concert with the Hallé Orchestra. Rubbra's Fifth and latest Symphony completed this series of broadcasts, and showed, despite its refusal to meet the auditor half-way with an occasional touch of sweetness or sentiment or humour, how much beside integrity of purpose the composer possesses.

Beside the symphony the other contemporary pieces were of little moment—Maurice Johnstone's agreeable, well-painted landscape from the Lake District, and a fearsome Fantasy for solo trombone and orchestra by the American

composer, Paul Creston. It was surely unkind to write for the trombone a long *cantabile* melody with plenty of short notes in its course, such as would suit a violoncello to perfection. I could only gasp for breath in sympathy with Miss Ringham, who didn't gasp and whose lips seemed at the end quite unexhausted by what must have been an enormously tiring ordeal. The closing scene from Strauss' early opera 'Feuersnot' was interesting in its luscious way,

though it provoked envious thoughts concerning the ease with which a power cut was restored in medieval Germany.

The Festival is bringing us a survey of British Song, of which the first programme was relayed from the Wigmore Hall. The choice of songs was excellent and Mr. Douglas had the courage not to scorn a good song like Bridge's 'Love went a-riding' just because it is (or was) hackneyed. The early pieces included Campion's

lovely 'The cypress curtain of the night', and the modern, a new cycle by Michael Tippett, whose angular vocal line and rather gawky virtuosity in pianoforte-writing set Mr. Peter Pears and Mr. Benjamin Britten some formidable problems. Yet out of the stress there seemed to come a sense of poetic beauty, though without the words before one it was impossible to be sure just how successful the composer had been.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Handel and the 'Secular Oratorio'

By WINTON DEAN

'L'Allegro, il Pensieroso ed il Moderato' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Friday, May 25 (Third)

SECULAR oratorio is both historically and artistically a contradiction in terms, commonly applied either to an elongated cantata or to an opera produced in the wrong place. In origin and for many years afterwards the oratorio was a dramatic representation of a sacred subject, played with action in a sacred place. By Handel's day this was no longer the rule; but even in ethical cantatas like his 'Trionfo del Tempo' of 1708 the form was still indistinguishable from contemporary opera, and 'La Resurrezione' might be claimed as the most interesting of his early operas. His first English oratorios on the other hand were a series of makeshifts, 'Esther' being a cross between a French masque and a Purcellian anthem, fed by copious borrowings from a German Passion, and 'Deborah' largely a pasticcio assembled from the same German Passion, four English anthems, an English Birthday Ode, a Latin Psalm written in Italy, and two Italian cantatas, one ethical and one pastoral. Henceforward the oratorios show an interesting polarity. Having been banned from stage performance in the opera house, they grew ever more dramatic in style and treatment in proportion as they diverged from operatic convention. 'Athalia' (1733), Handel's greatest work to date and the first to display an over-all unity on the grand scale, has more dramatic tension as well as greater variety than any of the operas. He had broken up the stiffness of the *da capo* aria on the one hand and the choral anthem on the other, and moulded them into a flexible and in places continuous texture.

There followed a gap of five years without an oratorio, but in January 1736 Handel set Dryden's Ode 'Alexander's Feast' as an elaborate cantata in two parts. The important thing about this very successful work is that, although neither ethical in content nor dramatic in structure, it derives its strength directly from the new plastic style developed in 'Athalia'. Handel's imagination was fired by the vivid contrasts and sharp imagery of Dryden's poem, especially its fourth and sixth stanzas, with the result that the two great sequences describing the fate of Darius and Timotheus' picture of the furies and the ghosts of the unburied dead show Handel the musician and dramatist at his most superb. Yet while *da capo* arias have here all but disappeared, he was still writing them by the dozen in the Italian operas to which most of his energy was being devoted: the six operas of 1735-37 contain 154 arias, 133 of them in full *da capo* form.

The rock on which most full-length choral works founder is that of organic unity; the ocean of English nineteenth-century music in particular is littered with the uncharted wrecks of submerged oratorios. It seems that only a

fully organised dramatic structure or a very strong spiritual bond (as in the Bach Passions and 'The Dream of Gerontius') will keep an oratorio afloat. Yet in the astonishingly fruitful years 1738-44, immediately after recovering from his first serious breakdown in health, Handel produced, in addition to the twelve grand concertos for strings, the last four Italian operas, the St. Cecilia Ode, one unsuccessful oratorio ('Joseph'), the Dettingen Te Deum and Anthem, and numerous trio sonatas and organ concertos, no less than eight choral masterpieces on the largest scale. And not the least remarkable thing about them is their variety. 'Saul' and 'Belshazzar' are vast Shakespearian dramas; 'Samson' is Miltonic not merely in its verbal text; the unifying factor in 'Israel in Egypt' is epic, in 'Messiah' it is visionary and contemplative; 'Semele' and 'Hercules', which Handel called a 'story' and a 'musical drama' respectively (never an oratorio), have claims to be regarded as the greatest of English operas. The eighth work, 'L'Allegro, il Pensieroso ed il Moderato', composed in the opening weeks of 1740, is in a class of its own, totally unlike all the others in aim and achievement. If this is a secular oratorio, it is the exception proving the rule that such a form is impossible.

The text was arranged by Charles Jennens, who in the first two parts intermingled Milton's poems in a manner excellently adapted to secure variety and contrast in a musical setting, but could not resist adding a *tertium quid* of his own with the characteristic period title 'Il Moderato'. Again the text is neither ethical (hence no doubt the Victorians' neglect of the work in favour of far inferior productions like 'Judas Maccabaeus') nor dramatic, but purely descriptive; whence then does the piece derive its unity? From two related factors. Much of the success of the poem resides in the fact that the two characters or moods, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Pensieroso', were very strongly developed in Milton himself (though 'Il Moderato' certainly was not); so they were in Handel, as any study of the oratorios will reveal. (Handel had enough of 'Il Moderato' to match Jennens' third part quite convincingly.) Secondly, Milton's description of English life, habits and landscape struck an answering echo in Handel. Perhaps the concrete images of the verse established the first contact with the pictorial element in his musical style; but the correspondence went much deeper. Handel found in Milton the means of expressing his own love of the English scene (in the widest sense), and it is his vision of a whole view of life that gives the work its unity. Seldom if ever can a great poet and a great musician have found themselves in deeper sympathy of temper and taste.

Technically the work is an extension of

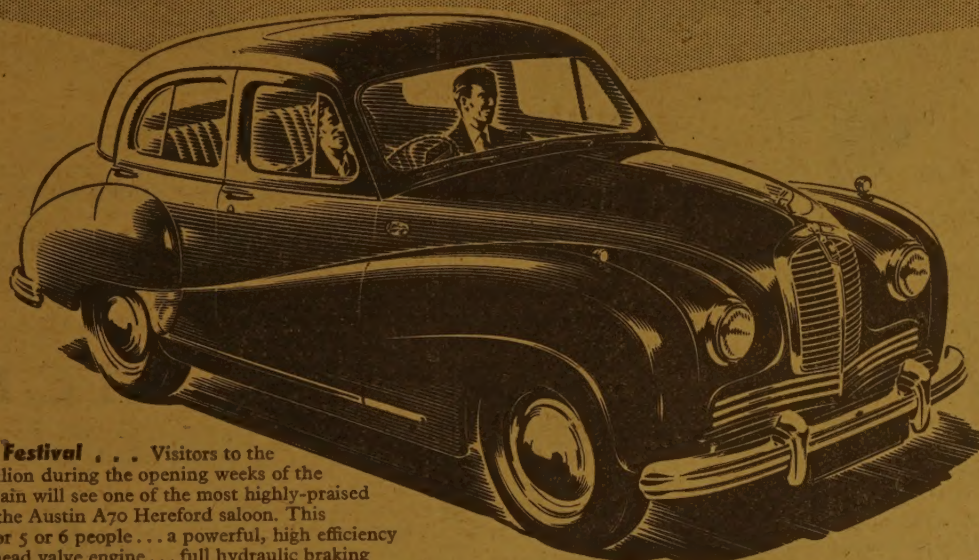
'Alexander's Feast'. No doubt the very absence of a plot in the usual sense encouraged Handel, as in 'Messiah', to seek a substitute in a more elaborately organised and flexible inner tension. At any rate, his dramatic style, with its frequent contrasts and surprises and its unorthodox formal units, some of them, like the sequence beginning 'Come, pensive nun', as complex as they are original, is here in full command. Of the twenty-five arias, only two are in *da capo* form, and both of these are highly irregular in rhythm and tonality.

'L'Allegro' might be described as a study of dramatic technique in detachment; but it is a great deal more than that. The immediate impression is of youth, first sensations, romanticism; many a touch of rhythmic freedom, instrumental colour, melodic exuberance, even an occasional blurred tonality, carries us momentarily into the world of Schubert and Weber. The scoring, too, looks forward; here is probably the first appearance in music of the double bassoon. The word-painting seldom masks a failure of imaginative penetration. Anyone can imitate a bird with flute or violin; only genius will build from some such picturesque detail a wholly satisfying poetical and musical entity. Witness here the exquisitely musical suggestion of the rising moon (middle section of 'Sweet bird'; balanced by a sunrise in 'Il Moderato'), the curfew ('Oft in a plat of rising ground'), the bellman ('Far from all resort of mirth'), wide rivers ('Straight mine eye'), the fall of dusk on a summer evening (final chorus of Part I).

Handel's sensitive evocation of the English scene—and not only its rural aspects, but the populous cities, the theatre and the pealing organ in church—has perhaps no rival outside the art of painting, not of course in literalness but in artistic potency. This music, as much as the plays of Shakespeare (to whom it pays tribute) is, or should be, a central part of the English heritage. Handel's England thought fit to bowdlerise Shakespeare; we have taken an unworthy and inconsequent revenge in forgetting Handel's most English work.

The fourth Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts will be held this year from June 8-17. Among other attractions, E. M. Forster will give a reading from his unpublished, unfinished novel, *Arctic Summer*. There will be an exhibition of recent paintings by John Piper and a Festival Ball at Great Glemham House. The operas 'Dido and Aeneas' and 'Albert Herring' will be performed. There will be a number of concerts, ranging from Handel's 'Jephtha' to madrigals sung by the Cambridge University Madrigal Society. At the Albert Hall, London, from July 5 to July 14 there is to be a Festival of Wine. In the 'Grace of Wine' section books and manuscripts will be exhibited relating to the cultivation and cult of wine.

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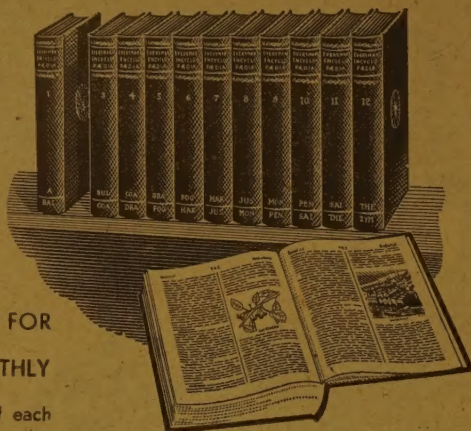
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Advice for the Housewife

NORWEGIAN FISH SOUP

IN MY COUNTRY most housewives have a basis of fish soup always by them—fish broth we call it—and then they can make a number of different soups from that basis. To 1 lb. of fish scraps (bones, heads, skins, etc.) you will need:

- 2 pints of water
- 1 small slice of onion
- a little celery
- 1 small bunch of parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ a small lemon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of margarine

Melt the margarine in a saucepan and add the onion, celery, parsley and lemon. Stir it all well for 3-5 minutes, but do not let it get brown. Add the water and bring it all slowly to the boil. Skim off any froth, and let it simmer for about 1 hour. When it is ready, strain it through a fine sieve or a cloth.

You can make a vegetable soup from this basis. But one of my favourites is a cream soup that is thickened with egg. If you put it in at the last moment it makes the soup very creamy. For Egg Fish Soup, then, you need:

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of fish-broth
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk
- 1 oz. of margarine
- 1 oz. of flour
- 6 tablespoons of cream (top of milk)
- 1 tablespoon of finely cut chive
- 1 egg

Make a sauce with the margarine, flour, fish-broth and milk. Bring it to the boil and let it simmer for 3-5 minutes, stirring all the time. Just before you serve it, mix the egg, cream and chive together. Add the boiling soup very gradu-

ally. Do not boil the soup again after adding the egg: it will certainly scramble if you do.

MOLLE NAESS

BUYING SECOND-HAND

The word second-hand used to be associated in my mind with old couches, armchairs with the stuffing sticking out, and odd plates with deep, brown cracks and chipped edges. But I have since acquired some bargains, both from the odd corner and from the sale room, although in the beginning I paid dearly for my experience. One such bargain, which I bought for 10s. cost me in the end a bedroom suite and five new floor boards. It was a little table with claw feet and a beautiful inlaid top. Only 10s.—I could hardly believe it, for I had come to know that things with claw feet cost money. It was very dirty, and as I cleaned it underneath, I saw that the top of the legs and the cross support were pock-marked with tiny holes... Well, what did that matter? I thought. Who was going to see them? The table stood in the drawing room. And an odd thing used to happen; morning after morning I would find tiny heaps of yellow powder under the table. It was a visitor who said, 'Good heavens, that table's alive with woodworm: burn it!'

Believe it or not, I had never heard of woodworm, and I thought: 'What! burn my table... burn my bargain? Certainly not!' I secreted the table in a spare room, and within two years it had affected everything in that room, including the floorboards. So take heed and get beneath everything you are buying second-hand. And touch nothing in which there are tiny holes, unless it is an antique which has been doctored by an expert.

When I am depressed about some of my

failures, I look at some of my bargains. One of these is forty-two pieces of beautiful Wedgwood, a tea set and part breakfast set. In 1947 it was valued at £30, and in 1938 I paid 15s. for the lot. Also in 1938 a bedroom suite was bought at a sale for £5. The wardrobe is ten feet high and eight feet long, and its entire front consists of three panels of glass. The suite is made of beautiful rosewood, and its value now is about £200. I have also a china cabinet, done in a most exquisite veneer. This cost 5s. in 1937. Will these bargains return? Yes, they are coming back; not to the low level of pre-war, but prices have fallen a lot since the removal of restrictions on new furniture.

CATHERINE COOKSON

Some of our Contributors

ANTHONY ASHTON (page 781): specialist in oil market research, economist and journalist; formerly on the staff of the Board of Trade, the European Coal Organisation, *The Manchester Guardian* and the National Coal Board

VINCENZ OSTRY (page 782): chief editor of the Austrian Press Agency; radio commentator for Radio Austria Verkehrs Aktien Gesellschaft

DAVID BAXANDALL (page 788): Curator of the Manchester City Art Gallery

HUGH CASSON, F.R.I.B.A. (page 792): Director of Architecture, Festival of Britain, 1948-51; Technical Officer, Ministry of Town and Country Planning, 1944-46; author of *An Introduction to Victorian Architecture*, etc.

DONALD MCLACHAN (page 794): an assistant editor of *The Economist*

Crossword No. 1,098.

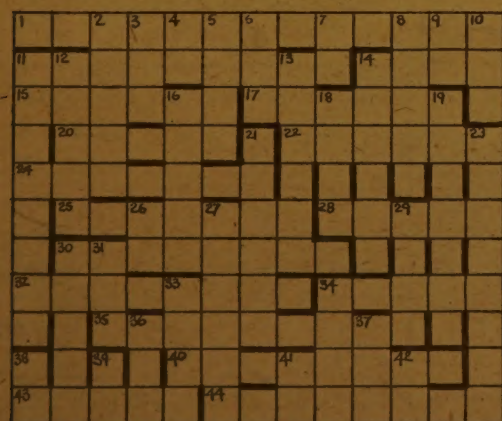
Neo-Classical.

By Twost

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, May 24

There is a thread running through the answers to the Across lights only. The unchecked letters can be arranged as the letters of the following, which has some connection with the thread, 'Don keeps betting on racecourses; it is a dead loss'.



ACROSS

1. Miss Tox referred to him as the gentleman with the Instrument (13, two words).
11. Plant me in parts by arrangement (9).
14. Revolving before near connection (4).
15. Mrs Blimber could have died contented if she could have hunter him and been his friend (6).
17. 'that great Hunter' (6).
20. Mixed salad, hot favourite towards end of last century (5).
22. Steal a vehicle and get a halo (6).
24. Heavenly bodies combined and the result has many rays (7).
25. French author becomes a gentleman but no winner (7, two words).
28. Stop at nothing to get wheat in Madrid (5).
30. Son of 27, helped to his horse by the wretched slave (8).
32. Good and bad foundations for building provided triple crown winner (8, two words).
34. Food produced by backward part of Far East (5).
35. Sturgeon preparation should be seen clearly (9).
40. One garment too many for the preacher? (8).
43. Mix and and and back Latin poet (5).
44. Sounds like a form of counter-espionage in South Africa (8, two words).

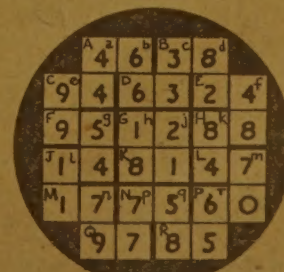
DOWN

2. Faith and Hope can show you a tree (5).
- 3U. See 9U. 4U. See 33. 5U-36U. Metameres have very little about which to send an appeal for help (7).
6. A point for the scythe's shaft handle (3).
- 7U-42. Blast the pastry (4).
8. His boy lashed himself with an empty blue bag when he saw Pip (5).
- 9U-3U. 'that did frisk in the sun and—the one at the other' (5).
10. Aim to be often found in 23U (3).

11. Never the twain shall part but they may cut things a bit fine (8).
12. Fine hair (5).
13. Ostrich found in sodden and oozy parts of South America (6).
14. Molluscs always upset Mrs Roe (6).
16. Early heart trouble (5).
18. It may be thin but it's the only one you'll get here (4).
19. Nitwit's game (7).
21. Provoking our Ginger is superfluous as it's inherent in him (6).
- 23U. Paste too mixed for Pat's liking (8).
- 26U-38. Goad up the village (4).
27. Father of 30A, discovered by Herschel (6).
29. The White Horse and the Red Lion may call you to the bar (4).
30. Comes after Daniel calling the ocean (5).
- 31U. It's cold I see by ear (3).
- 33-4U. He never got over his nailing down (6).
34. De-canonised French coastal town? (4).
- 36U. See 5U. 37. Is not up since a long time ago. It must be wrong! (3).
38. See 26U. 39. See 41. 41-39. Anything that twists gives a backward leer (4).
42. See 7U.

Solution of No. 1,096

Prizewinners:
C. L. Barham (Farnham); J. P. Hancox (Birmingham); Miss D. M. Jones (Sevenoaks); A. R. Tammadge (Camberley); Miss M. R. Whitaker (London, S.W.18).



Consolation prizes for the twenty-six weeks ending May 3 are awarded to J. D. Griffiths (Auden Haw) and J. K. B. Lingworth (Farnborough), who each sent in twenty-two correct entries during the period without gaining one of the weekly prizes. G. Page (Staines) is runner-up with twenty-one correct entries.

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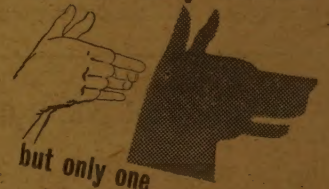
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